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The Valenian

THE VALENIAN

1919

VALPARAISO INDIANA

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..The..

Third Issue

...of...

The Valenian

Published by the

Class of 1919

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THE VALENIAN

Well, here it is,
This is the book;
Take it and open it,
Read it and look at it,
Close it and laugh at it;
Do what you will with it,
Here is the whole of it—
This is our Annual.

DEPARTMENTS

Faculty
Men in the Service
Classes
Literary
Prophecy
Society
Music and Drama
Calendar
Athletics
Jokes
Alumni

To

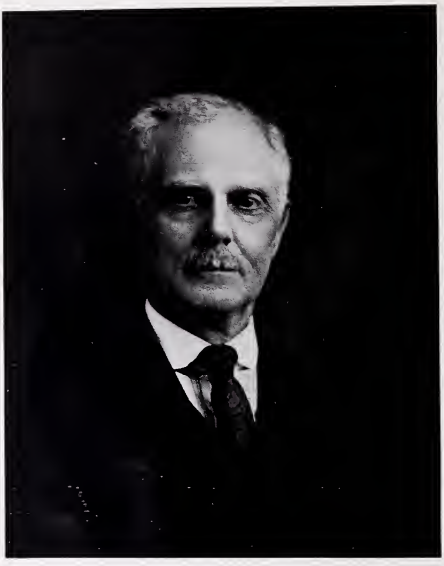
CLAUDE O. PAULEY, B. S.,

we, the class of 1919, dedicate this issue of the Valenian.
His sincere interest in our class and its activities
during the past three years, will
never be forgotten.

Valparaiso High School

ENGLISH
TRIGON
CHEMISTRY
MATH
PHYSICS
FRENCH
LATIN
COMM'L LAW
HISTORY
CIVICS

Faculty



C. W. BOUCHER
Superintendent of Schools.

BOARD OF EDUCATION

E. L. Loomis

J. M. Gelston

H. R. Ball

MINNIE C. McINTYRE
Ass't. Principal

H. M. JESSEE, B. S.
Principal

CLAUDE O. PAULEY, B. S.
Science

HELEN M. BENNEY, Ph. B.
English

OLIE WELTY
Latin

MADELINE ASHTON, A. B., A. M.
French

GOLDA DALE HAMBLEN
Mathematics

ROBERT KEGG
Manual Training

MARGARET BARTHOLOMEW
Domestic Science

ELLA BROOK, B. S.
Domestic Art

HELEN F. JACK
Commercial

MAE G. MEADOWS
Commercial

JUVA N. HIGBEE
Music

HELEN G. FEHRMAN
Secretary

V. H. S.

Oh V. H. S., Oh V. H. S.,
The pride of all the vale,
We'll root for you, we'll boost for you,
In Princeton or in Yale.

Oh V. H. S., Oh V. H. S.,
With all your work and joy,
You've made the world seem brighter
For every girl and boy.

Dear V. H. S., Dear V. H. S.,
A hundred boys of thine,
Went out to fight against the Huns,
And stand in battle line.

Oh V. H. S., Dear V. H. S.,
In memory's picture dear,
You'll stand foremost in all our thoughts
Through every coming year.

Oh V. H. S., Dear V. H. S.,
Your work so good and true,
Will live forever in our hearts;
V. H. S., we honor you.

—*Florence Griffen.*

BOYS OF OUR CLASS WHO WERE IN THE SERVICE.

LIEUT. HAROLD CARD

Lieut. Harold Card was awarded his commission in the Artillery last October at Fort Sheridan. His duties were instructing in gas and bayonet practice at Camp Grant.

CAROL AYLESWORTH

Carol Aylesworth is now with the Marines at Quantico, Virginia. He went into service last September and received his first training at Paris Island.

FLOYD CRAIG

Floyd Craig entered service April 16, 1917. He received his shipping orders during the spring of 1918, in that time made four trips to France on the U. S. S. Henderson, as a second class electrician. He is now stationed at the Naval Reserve Training Station at Pelham Bay, New York.

RAYMOND THATCHER

Raymond Thatcher was a representative from our class who enlisted with the Marines on May 8, 1918. At one time, while he was in a hospital recovering from the effects of an illness caused by drinking poisoned water from a shell hole, he was reported killed.

BOYS OF OUR CLASS WHO WERE IN THE SERVICE

DORLAND BENNETT

Dorland Bennett was a member of our Junior Class till April 17, 1918, when he joined the navy at the Great Lakes Training Station. He did patrol duty on board the U. S. S. Essex and the U. S. S. Wisconsin off the Atlantic coast.

FRED THURMAN

Fred Thurman has been in France over a year with the Motor Truck Corps. He is now a member of the Military Police Corps stationed at Orleans, where Joan of Arc encountered the English.

LESTER BUNDY

Lester Bundy enlisted in the first Army Training Corps in May, 1918, and served 3 months in the United States. He was overseas with the French Artillery for 6 months and at one time was slightly gassed.

JOHN STODDARD

John Stoddard joined the old Co. L. on April 29, 1915 and served with them till February 22, 1917, when he enlisted in Tank Service at Camp Meade, Maryland. He saw active service on the Hindenburg Line, at Bussigny and Banancourt.

EARLE THEMANSON

IN MEMORIAM

Earle Themanson was born on the 14th day of February, 1899, in Aurora, Illinois. He entered the Aurora schools at the age of six and continued there until the fourth grade, when he moved with his parents to Valparaiso. In 1914 he entered the V. H. S. and elected the Latin course. On the 24th of June, although but seventeen, he left for the Mexican Border with Co. L. Upon his return from service he again became a student of the V. H. S. until the World War fired his patriotic spirit, and he departed from this city in September, 1917, to join the Regular Army. While in service at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, he was taken ill, and was given an honorable discharge. Soon after his return home all hopes of his regaining his health were given up, and on the 18th of November he passed away. He was buried from the Lutheran Church with military honors on November 20, 1918.

SENIOR

SENIOR CLASS
OFFICERS

President, BERNARD HERSHMAN

Vice-President, LOIS SEYMOUR

Sec'y & Treas., GEO. BENNETT

Supervisor, CLAUDE O. PAULEY

CLASS ROLL

Barnes, Gwenola
Bartholomew, Paul
Bennett, George
Boyer, Mildred
Crumpacker, Mary Arden
Chaffee, Mildred
Clemons, Athlene
Culbertson, Helen
Casbon, Lynnet
Dolson, Reva
Foster, Charles
Gruenert, Lillian
Griffin, Florence
Hershman, Bernard
Heissig, Ida
Kulp, Chester
Loring, Mark
Litz, Evelyn
Lindholm, Esther
McWhinney, Kathryn
Moe, Ruth
Mooker, Grace
Mudge, Pearl
Maudlin, Blaine
Miner, Alberta
Newland, Harriet
Parks, Ruth
Pomeroy, Harold
Peck, Myron
Ridenbaugh, Delilah
Seymour, Lois
Sawyer, Rossman
Smith, Gretchen
Specht, Gretchen
Thaysen, Lillian
Thurman, Wilma
Tofte, Luella
Webb, Agnes
Webb, Ruth
Winslow, Robert

Class Colors: Blue and Taupe.

Class Flower: Snowball.

"1919"

If you would know our history,
A few determined hunts
Thru these inspired pages
Of sports and social stunts
Will show that our attainments
In every line and aim
Have not so far been rivaled—
Such is our modest claim.

BERNARD HERSHMAN

Class President, Chairman Finance Committee, Play, Oratorical and Orchestra

"Peanut's" scientific ability yields him nought in saying good night to girls. He is a very interesting talker on the nuisance of so many street lights and still better at, "The meeting stands adjourned."

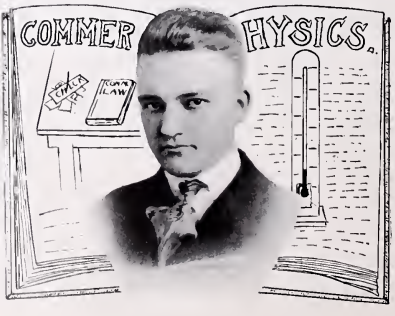
LOIS SEYMOUR

Oratorical, Play, and Vice-President.

Lois is the best orator in the class. Her love for languages is marvelous. She can see more ways to solve a proposition than anyone else in the class.

RUTH MOE

Ruth is another one of our wonderful cooks. She is the brains of most of our entertainment committees.



HAROLD POMEROY

Staff, Play, Basket-Ball, and Student Council 1918

"Pomp" is of such a persistent nature that you couldn't chase him to California without his coming back to graduate with us. "Business is Business", at least that is what he says.

GRETCHEN SMITH

Gretchen is a lover of English, an expert grammarian and author.

WILMA THURMAN

"Pillie's" cheerful grin and pleasing ways have won for her a host of friends. She received the fundamentals of her education in Chicago.

MARK LORING

Basket-Ball, Pres. Student Council 1918, Staff, Play, Oratorical, President Athletic Association, Class Pres. 1918

"Windy" is the ladies man, and the life of the Valparaiso High School. His personality has won him an enviable place in the hearts of all his classmates.

MILDRED CHAFFEE

Oratorical, Play, Girl's Glee Club

Mildred's all around brilliance is shown by the grades on her cards. About the lowest grade she ever gets is a B+.

MILDRED BOYER

Mildred, one of the most studious and intelligent girls in the class, always has her lessons prepared, so she is a great favorite with the teachers.

REVA DOLSON

Girl's Glee Club

Reva's conscientious recitations are most interesting to her classmates. A faint touch of superstition holds everyone awe-inspired in her Vergil class.

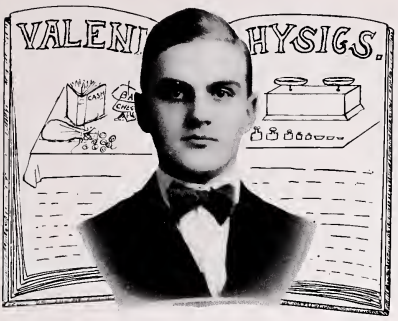
ROSSMAN SAWYER

Basket-Ball.

"Rossie" is our star back guard. No opponent has been able to penetrate his stone wall defense. He intends being a lawyer, and yes, he may guard some one too.

AGNES WEBB

Agnes is one of our star Civics students. Her enthusiasm and vigor in arguing for woman suffrage are most interesting.



CHESTER KULP

Business Manager, Play, Boy's Glee Club.

Chester is the business genius behind the Annual. Many an hour of good sleep has he worried away planning for the Valenian.

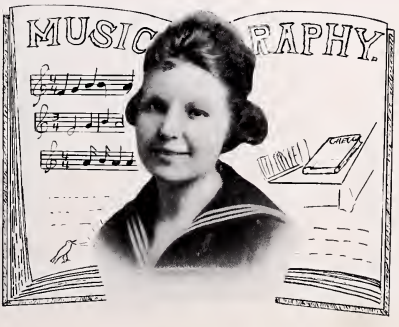
RUTH PARKS

Staff, Play, and Student Council 1918.

"Pinkie" is one of the most popular girls in High School. Her winning ways and pleasing personality will make her absence most noticeable next year.

GWENOLA BARNES

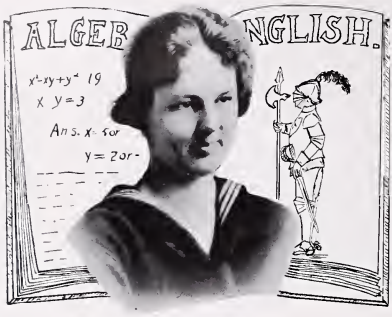
Gwenola is one of our new members; she hails from Michigan. Her pleasing disposition has won her a host of friends.



LOUELLA TOFTE

Play, Girl's Glee Club

Louella's business-like appearance bodes ill for anyone who tries to get ahead of her. She has a fondness for pulling in just as the last bell rings.

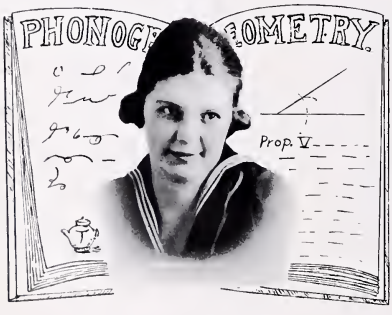


ESTHER LINDHOLM

Esther is the mathematical prodigy of our class. Her fondness for working out all the hard problems in Trig is marvelous.

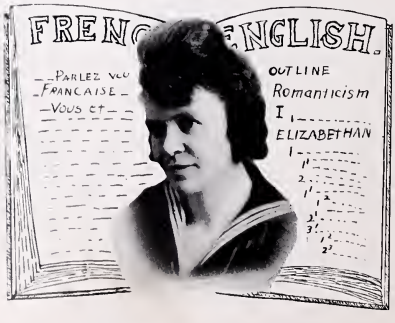
PAUL BARTHOLOMEW

Paul's greatest pleasure is to ride around in his Pilot. His greatest ambition is to beat Chester in solving Trigonometry problems.



LILLIAN THAYSEN

"Teapot", after many years of diligent work in school, is nearing the time when she can take up her life's vocation, teaching. Her idea of joy is a roomful of misbehaving youngsters.



RUTH WEBB

Ruth left school at Christmas. She made an impression on our minds that never can be erased. Her diligence is marvelous.

EVELYN LITZ

Oratorical, and Girl's Glee Club

Evelyn is the dancing star of our class. Her intense inquisitivness in Physics keeps Mr. Pauley constantly on the alert.

HARRIET NEWLAND

Staff, Play

"Hank", the girl who likes to parade up to the desk and show her glossy black hair, is very fond of Senior Parties. She likes architecture and eavesdropping, and has delighted many a Senior gathering with her musical skill.

CHARLES FOSTER

Staff, Play

Chuck's favorite color is green, at least his style show suit was most noticeably green. When he is not seen riding around in his six cylinder Buick admiring nature's wonders (?), he may be found at the club or at Gretchen's.

LILLIAN GRUENERT

Lillian is the best cook in the class. Her savory dishes are always noticeable at Senior Parties. Please a man's stomach, and you have won his heart.

FLORENCE GRIFFIN

Staff

Florence is one of the most willing workers in the class. Her fondness for work is responsible for her being on so many committees.

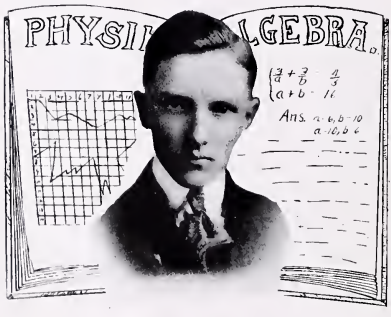
DELILAH RIDENBAUGH

Play.

Some say her quiet ways are misleading.

"Still waters run deep."

Ask "Peanuts."



MYRON PECK

Myron is the business expert of the class. His wonderful work in Bookkeeping, Commercial Law, and Commercial Arithmetic, will never be surpassed in the V. H. S.

GRACE MOOKER

Grace is probably the most tireless worker in the class. She gets the best of results, which can easily be seen by looking at her card.

KATHRYN McWHINNEY

Play.

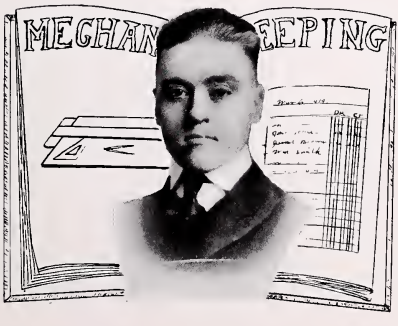
"Kate's" repeated yawns in Physics give proof that she stays up all night studying. She has a very keen sense of humor—her laugh ringing out long after everyone's else is done.

PEARL MUDGE

Pearl is a wonder in Domestic Art. Many are the beautiful garments she has made.

HELEN CULBERTSON

Helen is one of our new members. She is a most earnest worker and a most loyal member of the class of 1919.



LYNNET CASBON

Oratorical, Play

Lynnet's hobby is reading. He has great ability in reading the most difficult poetry.

ATHLENE CLEMONS

Athlene is one of the live wires of our class. Her enthusiasm in doing what everyone else wants to do at parties is very pleasing.

BLAINE MAUDLIN

Play.

Blaine is the poet laureate of English VIII. He has wonderful inspirations, which he vividly portrays in words.

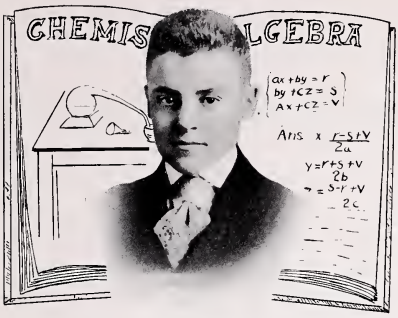
ALBERTA MINER

Girl's Glee Club

Alberta is one who finishes High School in three and a half years. Her love of appalling sights will fit her for her life's work, a nurse's calling.

IDA HEISSIG

Ida is a widely read student of Civics. Her fondness for giving special reports lasting all through a period has been most convenient. These reports were most interesting and beneficial.



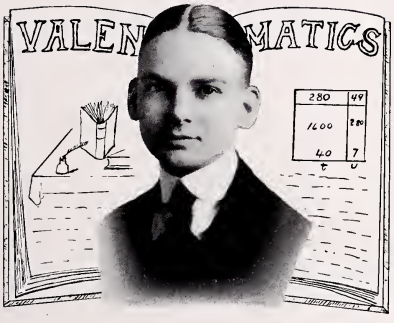
GEORGE BENNETT

Boy's Glee Club, Staff, Play, Sec'y. and Treas.

If you wish originality, call on George. His mind and body belong to the Senior Class, but, alas, his heart is a Freshman's.

MARY A. CRUMPACKER

Mary Arden, our Irene Castle, is a great rag time player and always succeeds in giving everybody else a good time.



ROBERT WINSLOW

Editor-in-chief, Play, Boy's Glee Club, Oratorical, Class Pres. 1917

"Bob" is the creative genius, responsible for this annual.

GRETCHEN SPECHT

Assistant Editor, Play, and Student Council 1918.

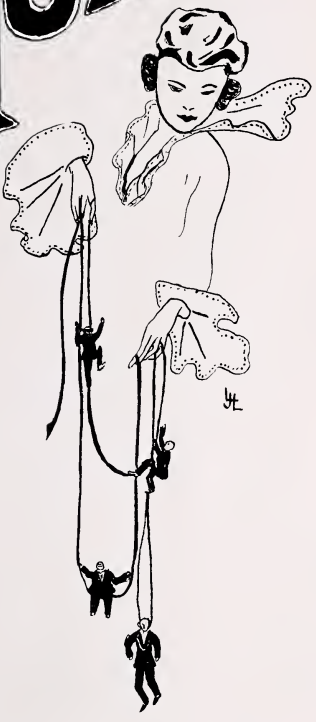
Gretchen's Senior Party is one that will never be forgotten by any Senior. Her fondness for mistletoe as a decoration is astounding. We must say no other took such an unfair advantage.

WAYNE EVANS WELLMAN

IN MEMORIAM

Wayne Evans Wellman was born on February 25, 1901, in Chicago, Illinois. At the age of seven and one-half years he entered school, and was graduated from grammar school with the distinction of Class Poet at the age of thirteen. Three years ago he entered the Valparaiso High School; and all during his connection with this institution, he was highly admired for his prepossessing personality and sterling character. There was no sham in his make-up; he was ever frank and straightforward, and possessed an understanding of mature years. When thirteen he won first prize in a poetic contest open to the pupils of the Chicago schools. He was gifted in literary lines; and several of his articles since have been published in papers and magazines. His friends had high hopes of his success as a journalist. But after one week's illness he passed away on October 25, 1918, at Harvey, Illinois, aged seventeen years and eight months.

JUNIOR



JUNIOR CLASS

OFFICERS

President, JESSE WRIGHT

Vice-President, ELLEN ARVIN

Sec'y & Treas., ART CLOUD

Supervisor, MISS ASHTON

CLASS ROLL

Arvin, Ellen
Bartholomew, Myra
Butler, Hazel
Campbell, Newell
Chaffee, Margery
Cloud, Arthur
Clifford, Josephine
Coulter, Harold
Cobb, Mary
Cole, Ivan
Darst, Lillian
Dee, Kathleen
Dille, Emily
Dolson, Olive
Dowdell, Lowell
Fabing, John
Fenton, Lewis
Finney, Jeannette
Fox, Kathryn
Freeman, Erma
Gast, Anna
Gast, Magdalene
Hansen, Helen
Hiltpold, Walter
Hiltpold, Werner
Huffman, Enoch
Jessee, Mary
Johnson, Hazel
Jones, Vera
Kath, Clara
Keene, Eva
Leetz, Richard
Lindholm, Helga
Matt, Agnes
Maxwell, Kathryn
Maxwell, Clair
McAuliffe, Kathryn
McCord, Mildred
McMillen, Earl
Palmer, Lois
Passow, Thelma
Rigg, Franklin
Schroeder, Ella
Schleman, Helen
Shirer, Lolita
Sergeant, Carrie Mae
Sievers, Carroll
Specht, Viola
Stansell, Bruce
Stansell, Le Roy
Stoner, Violet
Tousley, Dorothy
Williams, Leone
Williams, Opal
Wright, Jesse
Wyman, Edith

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

One Summer Afternoon in 1925

HELEN: "Oh, I'm so glad that you ran over to see me this afternoon. I was feeling rather lonesome for some reason or other."

OLIVE: "Well, so was I. That's the reason I came. Seems as though we never have a real rousing good time any more to keep up our spirits. Don't you just long for one of those good old times we used to have in High School?"

HELEN: "*Indeed I do!*

"Remember that Hallowe'en party we had our Freshman year, where Mr. Jessee was a big ghost and nobody knew who he was until we got ready to eat?"

OLIVE: "Yes, and that baseball game in the basement! We just about ruined our throats that night."

HELEN: Everyone was dressed in such outlandish clothes that I thought I didn't know a person when I first went in.

"But think of that weenie roast we had the next year out at the Lake, when old Flint Lake still had plenty of water! The food I consumed that night would feed a family for a week."

OLIVE: "I'd nearly forgotten that, but I remember it, since you mention it. That was the night Harry Albe tried to ride the donkey, wasn't it? I wonder if he will ever forget that experience?"

HELEN: "I imagine not! You missed that Junior-Senior party we had the next New Years though, didn't you? We had more fun! Harold Pomeroy and Josephine Clifford got married because they could elope faster than anyone else. We had a regular wedding feast afterwards."

OLIVE: "You must have had fun there, I know. However, I didn't miss the theatre party we had not long afterwards. Don't you remember? That was the night you ran out of gasolene when you were taking Miss Welty, Miss Ashton, Miss McIntyre, and some of the Juniors down to the theatre."

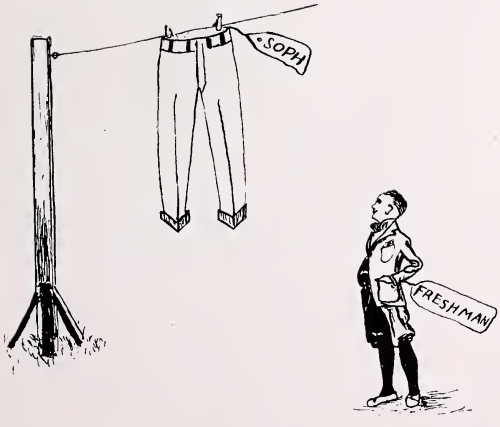
HELEN: "Of course, remind me of that!"

OLIVE: "Yes, and we were so proud of our class. There were several members on the basket ball team; and then there was 'Soup,' who could always entertain us, and Jeanette, who never flunked in Latin, or anything else, for that matter."

HELEN: "I should say: It was a great old class. Oh, my gracious, I forgot—I promised to have supper early this evening! I must go! Do come over and we'll 'reminis' some more another day."

—*Helen Schleman*

SOPH


SOPH
FRESHMAN

SOPHOMORE CLASS

OFFICERS

President, THOMAS MORONY

Sec'y & Treas., RUTH BLACHLY

Supervisor, MISS WELTY

CLASS ROLL

Adams, Leland
Atwell, Harry
Bartholomew, Dorothy
Bell, Ruth
Blachly, Ruth
Boryczko, Anna
Boryczko, Joseph
Christy, Anna
Dee, Warren
Due, Harry
Ellis, Katherine
Finnigan, Bernard
Green, Anna
Hauff, George
Jordan, Mildred
Kenny, Mary Margaret
Lisle, Alta
Loomis, Byron
Marimon, Bartlett
Mitchell, Herbert
Morony, Thomas
Neet, Laura
Rosenberger, Muriel
Sanford, Otis
Scott, Charles
Summers, Clyde
Sholes, Mabel
Small, Edith
Specht, Viola
Stevens, Fannie
Williams, Dorothy
Williams, Florence

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

NE AUTUMN morn a group of young people just emerging into young manhood and womanhood boarded the good ship "High School." They sailed away from the port of Graduation to the harbor of College or elsewhere. The sea of knowledge was rough and stormy; but the captain and pilot were the best that ever sailed the sea. The captain was kind and sought to put his passengers at ease; the pilot was stern but always had ready a helping hand. With such a pilot, the passengers felt certain that in due time they would reach the port of College in safety, for the ambition of every passenger was to disembark at the port of College.

And this ambition has a foundation of rock, for they have sailed upon that uncertain sea two years. What knowledge have they gained? Some have captured and mastered Latin, French, English, Algebra, History, and other inhabitants of that wonderful sea. But, alas! we have lost some of our first passengers; they have chosen some foreign land for their home. However, frequently a new passenger boards our ship, and then there is great rejoicing. Now we have accomplished half of our voyage—have overcome all difficulties. And as we sail on and on, our one ambition is to land at that great port of College.

—*Earl Scott.*

FRESH

FRESHMAN CLASS

OFFICERS

President, ARTHUR MAINS

Sec'y & Treas., EMILY MARINE

Supervisor, H. M. JESSEE

CLASS ROLL

Bartholomew, Autumn
Becker, Siegfried
Bennett, Claude
Billings, Edward
Blaze, Arnold
Blaze, William
Bornholt, Bruce
Bowman, Gillett
Bundy, Myrtle
Burk, Gerald
Case, Norma
Card, Jessie
Christy, Frederick
Clapper, Evelyn
Clifford, Thomas
Cole, Marjorie
Collier, Atwood
Collins, Andrew
Collins, Mabel
Corboy, Stephen
Coyer, Charles
Darst, Catherine
Dee, Dorothy
DeVroe, Susann
Dille, Gladys
Dodge, Dorothy
Duncan, Frank
Ellis, Paul
Fabing, Richard
Fields, Irene
Frederick, Ruth
Gannon, Loretta
Glover, Harold
Green, Helen
Gruenert, Karl
Gustafson, Helen
Heller, Daniel
Hodges, Doris
Holman, Harold
Horn, Frank H.
Horner, Elmyra
Horner, Ford
Jarrell, Oscar
Kath, Minnie
Ketchum, Annette
Keene, Glenn
Keene, Glenn
Keene, Lynn
Krull, Walter
Kuehl, Lyal
Kuehl, Luella
Kull, Mildred
Kulp, Frances
LaBrecque, Josephine
Larcen, Kenneth
LeMar, Harriet
Lembke, Ernest
Lentz, Verna
LePell, Loring
Lindholm, Elsa
Louderback, Robert
Loomis, Nellie
Maxwell, Wilma
Mains, Arthur
Marine, Emily
Marquardt, Mary
Miller, Velma
Mitzner, Glenn
Montgomery, Ruth
Murvihill, Joseph
Neff, Ruth
Nixon, Russell
Nolan, Joseph
Oldham, Howard
Parker, Constance
Prehn, Paul
Rathman, Cecil
Ritz, Mildred
Ruge, Hulda
Sanford, Mary
Scott, Earl
Seymour, De Forest
Shephard, Randall
Shinabarger, Margaretha
Simon, Isadore
Summer, Genevieve
Stinchfield, Phyllis
Stoner, Kenneth
Stoner, Ronald
Stoner, Mary
Tetzlaff, Gladys
Thune, Charles
Tilton, Frances
Todd, Dorothy
Vosburgh, Edna
Wade, Harry
Wallace, Richard
Wark, Dorothy
Wheeler, Lucille
White, Geneva
White, Josephine
White, Lael
Wininger, Blanche
Wittenberg, Ruth
Worstell, Vivian
Wyman, Elizabeth
Wolfe, Charollet
Zeller, Elenore

THE FRESHMEN

N THE first week of September,
In the year of nineteen eighteen,
Went we Freshmen to the High School,
Went we there to join the others,
Others who had once been Freshmen,
But who now have grown much wiser.

We were seized with awe and wonder,
Wondered how the Seniors stately,
Ever learned so much of Latin;
Wondered if we e'er could learn,
Learn the words of other language,
Learn the signs of X and Z.

And we'll ne'er forget our longing,
Longing for the old "Eighth A",
As the Wednesdays and the Fridays
Brought quotations and brought spelling.

We have not accomplished much,
But our best we've tried to do.
We, who can, sing in the Glee Clubs;
We, who can, in the band do play.
We have helped our school with war work,
We have answered with the others
All the calls of our Red Cross.
We are loyal to the ball team,
Loyal to the team of Valpo:
We have joined their association,
We have gone to every game,
We have yelled as hard as Freshies can,
We our yell leader have furnished,
We a few "subs", too, have furnished.
In the fall, as you remember,
Juniors with the Freshmen striving,
Won the game between the classes,
Won the annual football game.
We have organized our class,
And one party we enjoyed,
With its dancing and refreshments.

Thus the Freshman history endeth,
And though Father Time doth scatter us,
Scatter us widely o'er this world,
We shall ne'er forget our school days,
Freshmen days at Valpo High School.

—*Emily Marine.*

Literary

Literature

There are many things to do,
In the years that we pass thru;
Our character, to those who
Meet us, should help them too.
Then we should take a better view
Of things we all dislike to do,
As there are quite a few
People who would seem to you
Just as if they never knew
What to cherish and to rue.
So make yourself just what you
Would like to see in others, too.

—*Franklin Rigg.*

◆◆◆◆

I listened to the waters rippling,
As they wandered to the sea,
Gliding forth into the future,
Where our thoughts are wont to be.
And the sound of all those ripples,
Flowing onward through the vale,
Mingled sweetly with the music
Of the whistling nightingale.
When the shadows gathered quickly,
O'er the brook, and o'er the lea,
Then the moon in benediction
Arose high and blessed the day.
Far and wide she cast her splendor,
Over every tree, and hill,
While in reverence bowed the world
And voices of the wind were still.
All along the eastern heavens,
Where the moon did slowly rise,
Shone the clouds of gold and crimson,
Illuminating celestial skies.
Then the stars peeped out in glory,
With a dancing, sparkling light,
To crown this glorious picture
Of a wondrous moonlight night.

—*F. V. G.*

THE MATE'S STORY

THE ADVENTURE I am about to recount happened one night about the middle of August, 1917, when the German subs were getting in their first good stroke of business.

We were nearing the Irish coast, running without lights and feeling our way carefully, when all at once we received a tremendous shock, which sent every man jack of us headforemost out of our hammocks. We knew well enough what had happened. The great battleship shivered from end to end like a living thing that had received a death blow, and we knew she had been torpedoed.

The impulse of every one of us, to rush on deck, was tremendous, I can assure you; but we had been too well trained for that. Not a man moved out of his place; but all eyes were on me, as I stood at the bottom of the companionway looking upward, awaiting the command of the captain.

Captain Wallace had a reputation to sustain. Now a reputation is something that must be earned before it can be enjoyed; and Captain Wallace had qualified as the most able navigator in those parts. He was the most austere, as well as the most envied and hated, handler of men. He ruled his men with an iron will. He was commonly known as "The Old Man."

I stood with my hand clenched and every muscle in my body strained, awaiting the command of the "Old Man." It came, I repeated it instantly; and quietly, orderly, without the least commotion, the men fell into line, and one by one ascended the companion ladder to the deck. Already the ship was listing heavily to star-board, and we could hear the hissing of steam and the fearful gurgle of the water as it rushed into the tremendous hole that had been torn in her bow. But on deck the same orderly precision reigned as though nothing unusual had happened.

The "Old Man" stood by the ship's rail quietly superintending the lowering of the boats. His grizzled brow and iron jaw gave no sign of worry, and his voice was not a whit less arrogant than usual. When he spoke the men executed his orders as though they were inspired by some unknown force.

There were 1,500 men and officers on board. As it happened, I was among the first to leave the ship. We pulled to a safe distance and then lay on our oars, watching the doomed vessel.

The night was pitch dark, but an explosion somewhere had set fire to the after part of the ship, the flames lighting up the sea for miles around. Off at a distance we could see the sub with her captain and crew on deck watching the proceedings.

There were boats enough to take off every man; but the vessel was listing more and more heavily and rolling sideways as the water filled her hold; and we feared she would sink before all could be taken off.

As we sat in our boat, tense, fascinated with horror at the scene, a seaman remarked, "Well, we've all 'had it in' for the 'Old Man,' but look at 'im now; 'es been a hard master but ye'll see 'e'll not lave the rail till every man jack is over the side." It was true; the brave old captain held his post; and of the many who had felt the rigor of his iron hand and had envied him his power and authority, not one of those envied him now in the grave hour of responsibility. The last boat was filled and the order given to lower away. Then for the first time in his life an old boatswain dared to give the word to his captain.

"Get in ships," he pleaded. "I'll lower the boat and then jump in afterwards."

"In with you," roared the captain. "What do you mean by talking back to me!" and he seized the boatswain around the "middle" and pitched him headforemost into the boat. Then he loosened the yards and the boat slid down the vessel's side into the water, but was borne backward by a wave. The captain stood on the rail and shouted, even as he leaped, "Pull away, men!"

At that moment our staring eyes were blinded by a mighty flash, and a deafening roar rent the ship asunder. The fire had reached our magazines, exploding them and sending wreckage, steam and water high into the heavens. For just a moment the great ship trembled on the surface, then plunged, nose downward, into the sea. With her went the light, and once more we were in darkness, except for the feeble rays cast by the lights of our boats.

Fortunately the sea was calm and we were able to keep together as we made for the Irish coast.

When morning dawned we were in sight of land. About ten o'clock our small fleet landed, and the officers took inventory of the men. It was found, that, of all that ship's company, the only man lost was the brave and austere captain.

I, then being in charge, told the men who were in the lifeboat that was last to leave the ship, to speak up and tell how it had happened. "Well, 'twas this way," answered the grizzled old boatswain, as he scratched his head. "You see, the Old Man gave the order to 'pull away' before he jumped. We knew he would fall short, but we daren't disobey his orders."

—Blaine Maudlin.

THE RETURN OF SPRING

Blossom, little flowers,
  April is here,
Bringing her showers,
  The same every year.

Sing, all ye birds,
  Do not despair;
May is coming
  With days more rare.

Nod your heads,
  Ye beauties of Spring,
Lest we be dead
  To the joys you bring.

—Helen Culbertson.

A MODERN JESSE JAMES

AS I entered the office of the Pennsylvania Lines at 5929 Adams street, one spring day in May, 1919, John L. Graham, a former schoolmate of mine, now division superintendent of the Pennsylvania Lines west of Pittsburg, was pacing nervously back and forth in front of his desk. He was a well built, middle-aged man of medium height, in perfect health; but his face wore a look of doubt and perplexity.

On the desk lay a telegram stating that the pay train had again been robbed of $10,000 at some place between Valparaiso and Plymouth, two towns about fifty and a hundred miles, respectively, from Chicago. The robbery had occurred between one and one-thirty A. M.; and again there was no clue whatever, as to how the deed was accomplished, although detectives who were on the train had made a thorough investigation immediately after the perpetration of the crime. Such a robbery would not have been thought unusual fifty years ago, when trains were often waylaid in remote and out-of-the-way places along the line; but the daring of such an attempt at this time, in a part of the country so thickly populated, and upon a train carrying twenty picked guards besides the two detectives and the train crew, was ample reason for the superintendent's discomposure.

Perching himself on the edge of the desk, he handed me the telegram. After I had finished reading, he broke the silence with these words: "This makes the second time it has happened. I have employed the best detectives and have offered $5,000.00 reward to anyone who will give us any clue to the perpetrators. I recently doubled the reward; but it seems no one can make any headway in the solution of the riddle. You have always been something of a Sherlock Holmes; and, since your occupation as chemist gives you practice in scientific thinking, I thought, perhaps, you could offer some suggestion which we could follow up, or that you would even like to investigate the case yourself. It is not so much the money, although that is of no little consequence; but almost every member of the Board of Directors has been around wanting to know why I have not done something in the matter."

Seeing my friends' position, I told him that he had more confidence in me than I had, but if I could in any way help him out, I should gladly do so.

"Then let me give you the facts of the case more in detail. Ask any question you desire. The first robbery took place two weeks ago today at the same time of day. Since then detectives have examined every inch of the train and right of way for some clue to the mystery, but have found none. The train is made up of an engine and three cars. This car is an all-steel baggage car having two end doors and a large sliding door on each, side-locked on the inside by a chain and a bolt. The windows, eight in number, are barred on the inside."

Here I interrupted my friend to ask if the train made any stops between the two towns. "Only one—for water at Hanna."

"We have come to the conclusion that the robbery had to take place while the train was in motion, because after making the stop at Hanna everyone on the train agrees that no stop was made until Valparaiso was reached. How an entrance was gained to the car, is a question we can't answer. The only theory that has been advanced regarding this, is, that the train was followed by a motor speeder, either on the track at the side of the train or behind it.

"The former assumption is entirely out of the question, because at that time of night the freight traffic is heaviest; and on the thirty minutes' run between Hanna and Valparaiso the train passed three long freights at intervals of ten minutes each. It would take a minute to get a heavy speeder back on the track and fully nine minutes to catch up with the train. The latter assumption is impossible, because, since the first robbery, a guard has been posted inside the door of the last coach to watch the track through the window in the door."

"Could not the thief," I asked, "have hidden himself between the cars or on the rods under the train during the stop for water?"

"Impossible; after each stop the brakeman makes a trip from the engine cab to the other end of the train. No human alive could get from the rods under the train to any of the doors with the train running at a speed of about sixty miles per hour.

"That is about all I can tell you. The paymaster sleeps in the car; and, if I were inclined to be a bit superstitious, I should say it was the work of a ghost."

"If I understand rightly," I said, "the next pay day will be in two weeks." He nodded assent. "What time does the train arrive here in the morning?"

"At 8:30. If you have time I'll take you down, and you can look over the ground," he added.

As I would be at leisure for about a week, I told him that nothing would suit me better. Writing a few words on a slip of paper he handed it to me, along with five twenties, saying, "That pass will carry you anywhere on the division; and, if you need any more cash, just telegraph."

We then went into the street, climbed into his little Stutz, and were soon at the Union Station. The train arrived a few minutes later, and was run onto a siding.

It consisted, as my friend had told me, of a light, speedy engine and three steel cars. There was nothing unusual about the outside appearance, so we immediately entered. The first car contained the kitchen and dining room, while the last was a drawing room car. The middle car contained two bunks, one on each side of the end door. Two large flat top desks stood at the opposite end, also a large safe, secured to the wall by iron bands. This safe was operated by a time clock on the inside of the door, its bolts being drawn back by a small induction motor in the center of the door. The current was supplied from the train's lighting circuit. Beyond this I discovered nothing of importance.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked my friend as we left the train.

"I have come to no conclusion," I confessed, "but I will not give up yet. I think I'll leave for Valparaiso."

"That's fine," said my friend. "Just take my car; it's a nice little jaunt, and you'll get there by noon."

It was just two weeks later when I again entered the Chicago office of the division superintendent, and was greeted with, "You're a brick, George! But how did you do it—tell me all about it!"

"I hardly know where to begin; but to make a long story short, one day when I was traveling from Valparaiso to Hanna in your car, I lost my way and went too far south. Just as I stopped to consult my road back, I heard a whirring noise like that of an aeroplane, and looking up I saw what appeared at first to be an ordinary dirigible. As I watched, I saw something detach itself from the airship and descend. Astonished, I focused my binoculars on the object. It was a boat-shaped, steel basket, suspended from the dirigible by two cables, one at each end. A smaller line hung down to a pair of phones on the basket's sole occupant, a man in military dress. After the basket

had descended about a thousand feet it returned to the balloon. The dirigible was making its way south and was soon a mere speck in the sky.

"Resuming my journey, I stopped at a little town by the name of Kouts, where I asked the garage keeper if he knew anything of the dirigible.

" 'Yes,' was the answer, 'it belongs down at Purdue. The government is experimenting with the thing.'

"The next day found me at Lafayette, Indiana. Being acquainted with the professor of science, I obtained permission to visit the dirigible hangars.

"A Lieutenant Smith was in charge of the tests. He was a tall, muscular fellow, who after letting me into the hangar, retired at once to a laboratory at one side of the building. I spent about an hour looking over the craft and, after questioning mechanics, who were busy correcting a few minor faults, I took my departure. Summing up the information I had received, I found that the lieutenant and his chief mechanic were little known, that the craft, though of very large dimensions, could be managed by these two men, that many trips had been made at night, and that the dirigible carried poison gas tanks.

"I concluded that my search was ended. However, not having enough evidence to catch the rogue, I returned to Plymouth, wired you for permission to board the pay train when it should next go through, secured a gas mask, and waited developments.

"Last night I changed places with one of the paymasters as we left Plymouth. After adjusting my gas mask I crawled into my bunk, turning my back to the door. In a few minutes I heard a hissing sound, and soon became aware of a greenish vapor in the car. A few seconds later the lieutenant stepped into the car carrying a small gas tank on his back, an automatic pistol in one hand, and an odd-shaped coil in the other. He proceeded at once to the safe, leaving a wire connected with the coil trailing behind him. He held the coil at the center of the door, pressed a small switch, and the revolving part of the induction motor in the door began to work; the dirigible furnished the current. As soon as the whirring ceased, he grasped the door handle, swung it open, took out the case of currency and threw open the large side door of the car to allow the gas to escape. This he closed in a very short time, picked up the case and coil, and started to leave.

"I ordered him to stop, and he made one bound for the door; then my automatic spoke. At present you will find him at Mercy Hospital awaiting a court martial. As for the government dirigible, when last seen it was headed straight for Mexico." —*Bernard Hershman.*

A BLADE OF GRASS

Thou tender little blade of grass
That peeps from thy cold and dark retreat;
Where thou hast lain through the long, cold night,
Quite safe from the North wind's icy grasp,

Come forth—the birds to you will sing;
And soon you will developed be
Into a strong and deep-hued herb
To gladden the heart of one less happy.

—*Myron Peck.*

SCHOOL MEMORIES

NE DAY when I was exceedingly discouraged with my school life and could see no practical good I should receive by remaining in school and finishing my education, I lay down and fell asleep and dreamed the following dream: There appeared before my eyes a ladder which reached from the dark and dismal land of discouragement, disgrace, unhappiness, and sorrow to the land of peace, harmony and happiness.

The first six rounds of that ladder I recognized as my first six years in the public schools, and then I remembered all the good times I had enjoyed under the care and guidance of my teachers.

The seventh and eighth rounds stood out more prominently, as they represented my two years in a new school, amid different surroundings, different teachers and classmates. I shall never forget the fond memories of those two years.

The ninth round of the ladder demanded a wider step than the rest; and I realized that it represented my first year in high school. It was like starting all over again to hear the upper classmen sing their little snatches of poetry concerning the green freshmen. But the year sped all too fast, and I stood upon the tenth round of the golden ladder; and as I look back upon that sophomore year I can see nothing except pleasant experiences.

The eleventh round shone in all its glories and achievements; and well it might shine, for did it not suggest my junior year, the best year since I started to climb the ladder?

As I was trying to see what was written on the last round, I awoke, realizing that it was worth everything to mount the last round and enter into the jeweled land of contentment, success, and fame, instead of dallying in the land of ignorance and narrow mindedness.

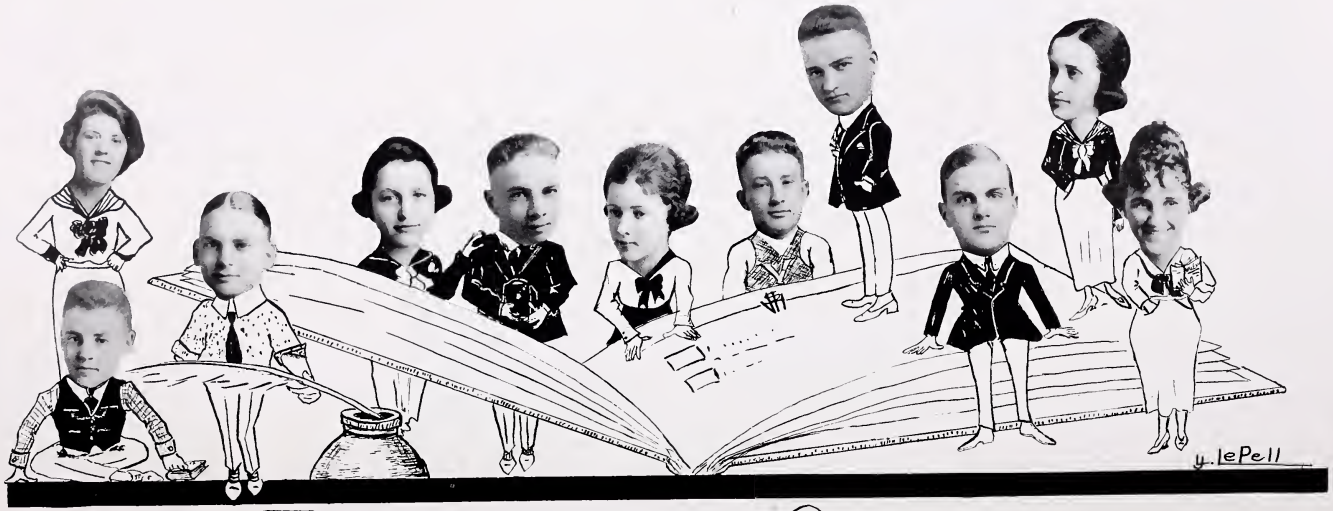
—Helen Hanson.

DESERT O' DREAMS

Desert O'Dreams! I pass you by,
Safe in a Pullman, o'er shining rails,
Maybe where bones deep-buried be,
In the wake of by-gone trails.
Desert O'Dreams! the purple mist
Shrouds you in curtains of shimmering haze,
Where caravans struggled and oxen died
In the dusts of other days.
Desert O'Dreams! the western star
Still burns over you warm and bright,
The moon still swings in the dreamy sky,
The coyote sings through the desert night,
And still there broods o'er your shifting sands
A dream's delight.

—Kathryn McWhinney.

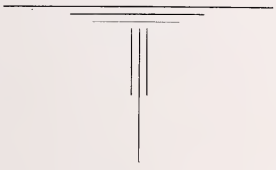
LORING J. LE PELL
Cartoonist



EDITORIAL STAFF

VALENIAN STAFF

Editor	Robert Winslow
Assistant Editor	Gretchen Specht
Business Manager	Chester Kulp
Athletics	Mark Loring
Society	Harriet Newland
Music and Drama	Lois Seymour
Alumni	Florence Griffen
Jokes	Harold Pomeroy
Calendar	Ruth Parks
Prophecy	George Bennett
Snaps	Charles Foster, Jr.



SPECIAL WORK

Lillian Thaysen

Blaine Maudlin

Lillian Gruenert

Kathryn McWhinney

Athlene Clemons

Prophecy

AND it came to pass that in the year 1939 a certain former Valpoite named Bernard, son of Hershman, flew far over land and sea, seeking radium for the great Edison Electrical Company. When he reached Pomeroy, in the land of Indiana, he alighted to adjust his compressed air engine. While he tinkered, the great Harold came by; and they fell each upon the other's neck and wept for joy, for the years had been twenty since last they met.

They sat upon a large, flat stone and talked. Great was Bernard's astonishment when Harold drew forth a copy of his Condensed International Bureau of Information, which contained the names of every man, woman, and child who had lived in Indiana for the past twenty-five years.

And behold he chanced upon the name of Gwenola Barnes, a noted lady lawyer; Mildred Boyer, Dean of Household Economics in the University of Michigan; the quiet Paul Bartholomew, Civil Engineer for the Pennsylvania Railroad; Mildred Chaffee, Assistant Editor of Enthusiasm, a literary magazine of world-wide fame; Lynnet Casbon, an expert horticulturist in the Luther Burbank Nurseries in California; Helen Culbertson, Dean of Expression at Lake Forest; Athlene Clemons, happily married and, with her husband, conducting a large parrot and ostrich farm at Storm Lake, Iowa; Mary Arden Crumpacker, the society leader of the Five Hundred in New York City; Reva Dolson, pipe organ player at the Auditorium in Chicago and married to the director of the orchestra; Charles Edward Foster, a millionaire lumber magnate with offices at Chicago; Florence Griffin, New York's most stylish milliner; Lillian Gruenert, the maker of the famous Gruenert Jams and Preserves; Ida Heissig, the great expounder and lyceum talker on "Bryce's American Commonwealth"; Chester Kulp, a member of the Inter-State Commerce Commission; Esther Lindholm, teaching the young idea how to shoot in the land of Kansas; Mark Loring, a celebrated criminal lawyer and United States District Attorney; Evelyn Litz, a celebrated danseuse; Blaine Maudlin, Superintendent at the Tin Plate Mills at Gary; Kathryn McWhinney, the happy wife of Senator ————; Grace Mooker, a missionary to India; Alberta Miner, head nurse at the Mercy Hospital, Chicago; Ruth Moe, general superintendent of the Bunte's Candy Co.; Harriet Newland, an arts and crafts designer, with a studio in the Fine Arts Building, Chicago; Pearl Mudge, Principal of Shortridge High School, Indianapolis; Ruth Parks, happy with the man of her dreams and owner of one of the finest private libraries in the United States; Myron Peck, a mining engineer at Denver, Colo.; Delilah Ridenbaugh, Professor of Latin in Cornell University; Rossman Sawyer, an expert architect in rear entrances, especially back stairways; Gretchen Smith, a nature poet living in California; Gretchen Specht, Dean of Women at Vassar College; Lois Seymour, the author of many books on psychology; Lillian Thaysen, after several years' teaching in the West, married to a

wealthy ranch owner; Louella Tofte, Prima Donna at the Colonial Theatre; Wilma Thurman, private secretary to the President of the United States; Robert Winslow, the celebrated society dentist of New York City; Ruth Webb, state representative from Montana; Agnes Webb, state superintendent of instruction in Wyoming.

"But what has become of our old friend George?"

"He is an old bachelor living in northern Wisconsin. He has won renown as a chemical engineer, but devotes much of his time to hunting and fishing."

"But why didn't he get married?"

"That's the big mystery."

The powerful Harold had an inspiration, "Let us gather all these good pals together in Valparaiso, the city of Homer, and make merry together, that we may live long and be happy in the days that are gone and cherish these friendships even unto the end."

And a message was sent afar, that all might gather within the gates of old Valpo High on May 25, 1939.

—Geo. Bennett.

DRIFTWOOD

When winter shuts a fellow in and turns the lock upon his door,
There's nothing else for him to do but sit and dream his bygones o'er,
And then before an open fire he smokes his pipe, while in the blaze,
He seems to see a picture show of all his happy yesterdays.
No ordinary film is that which memory throws upon the screen,
But one in which his hidden soul comes out and can be plainly seen.

—Lillian Gruenert

SOCIETY
L.J. LePell.

Our Social Activities

When We Were Juniors

Junior-Senior Prom.

AFTER long preparation and much excitement, the Class of '19 realized their fondest hope in their Junior year, when they gave the first High School prom (let us hope it will not be the last) for the graduating class of '18. An invitation was extended to the entire High School; moreover, each Junior and Senior was given the privilege of inviting one guest outside. The prom was given at the Armory, which was decorated in the High School colors—green and white—and the music was furnished by Cleopatra's Jazz Band. Mark and Mary Arden led the grand march, and Pinky and Bob passed the programs. Members of the faculty were prevailed upon to act as chaperons, and by their actions showed they realized the honor that attended the chaperoning of the first V. H. S. prom. One thing is certain—everyone had a good time, even though our pleasure was interrupted for a few minutes when the lights grew suddenly "dim." Because of the successful way in which the prom was carried out, we are assured that there will be many more.

Junior-Senior Picnic

The annual picnic for the graduating class was given last year at Flint Lake. The two classes, chaperoned by the faculty, went out to the lake in cars; and as it was one of the first warm days of the year almost everyone immediately went in swimming. After this ceased to be a novelty, a most wonderful lunch was served, which you can imagine was very acceptable. (We certainly have some girls in our class who are skilled in the art of cookery.) Through the kindness of Max Specht we had access to the dancing pavillion and boats, so, after eating all we could possibly hold, we spent the rest of our time in dancing and boating. Such events as these make us look back on our school days with pleasure.

High School Reception

One of the most brilliant affairs ever given at the High School was the reception in honor of the class of 1918. The assembly room was artistically decorated on this occasion in a color scheme of gray and red—the Senior Class colors. The orchestra, which was seated on the platform, was almost hidden behind pillars and festoons of green and white, a very attractive setting. Members of the Junior Class, who had charge of arrangements, served frappe and light refreshments.

The guests greeted a receiving line of members of the graduating class headed by Mr. and Mrs. Boucher and Mr. and Mrs. Jessee. After the receiving line was broken up, most of the High School students danced informally for an hour or more.

Now That We Are Seniors

Weenie Roast at Lake Michigan

One day while the High School was closed in October, some of the Seniors who could be gathered together on short notice drove to Lake Michigan and had a weenie roast, in honor of Lieutenant Harold Card, a former classmate, who was home on a short furlough. Miss McIntyre assumed the responsibility of chaperoning the crowd and well deserved our thanks. In the afternoon we "turned back to the days of childhood," and while "some" went in wading, "others" improvised figure-eights down the dunes, and still "others" played leap-frog; neither should I forget to mention Pinky's recital of "nature's beauty." Everyone was so hungry at dinner time that we forgot to save anything for lunch, so we gathered together all our belongings and started home late in the afternoon. Weenies, sand, and Lake Michigan do make a fine combination.

Theatre Party

Due to the many hindrances that occurred at the beginning of our Senior year our first party of the winter season was given late in November. We had resolved to make up for lost time, and we surely made a good beginning, if the success of our first theatre party can be taken as an example. We chose to see "We Can't Have Everything," a very fitting picture for a class of Seniors.

After the show we all went up to the school building, where some unusual stunts were enacted, such as the initiation of the class, and also the faculty, into the secret order of the "Hodunk." There are rumors about that Mr. Boucher really wanted to be initiated twice; but, of course, we must not believe everything that we are told. Chester and Athlene were featured in the Highland fling, and some even say that "Teapot" was found in the kitchen drinking vinegar.

We were served one of those lunches which some of the Senior girls are always sure to prepare. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing.

Gretchen Specht's Party

One snowy Friday eve, December 27 to be exact, the Seniors two score strong went to the basket-ball game. After seeing our boys defeated, we journeyed to the hospitable home of Gretchen Specht.

We were warmly received by the hostess, and after taking off our wraps were told to beware of the mistletoe. Thereafter it was a common sight to see someone walking along with his head stuck skyward so as not to step under the beguiling berries. The boys were especially careful, as the girls outnumbered them three to one, and they would stand no show if they once stepped under the mirth-provoking twig.

When the jingle of bells and harmonious music were heard, there were many queries as to whether Santa Claus would really stop or not. Miss Benney vouched for our goodness, saying, "We were always quiet and peaceful as lambs." So, sure enough, Santa Claus did stop; and, as he came clattering up the steps, there was a grand rush to let him in.

He added much to the pleasure of the evening in that he made everyone do a stunt before he received his presents. Mil-

dred Chaffee's talk on "The Value of Bashfulness" went to the heart of everyone present. The dancing of Chester, Evelyn, and Athlene was well received. The different speeches were all very witty and to the point, especially Bernard's talk on paying dues and special assessments.

After Santa Claus had gone, dainty refreshments were served. The main diversion of the evening was then started by Bernard trying to eat the same sandwich with Katherine McWhinney. The rest of the evening was spent in dancing. Many a youthful maiden was seen blushing, and not a few boys were complaining of sore lips. We all departed at a late hour in the best of spirits and full of gratitude to Gretchen for giving us such a fine time.

—*George Bennett.*

New Year's Eve Party

"The Juniors and the Seniors, so runs my little rhyme,
At Central High School, on Tuesday eve,
Will greet old Father Time.
Please don't forget, dear girls and boys,
To bring some horns to make a noise.
Now don't be late, be there at eight."

Thus the Juniors and Seniors were summoned to celebrate the coming in of the New Year. To Seniors, especially, the year 1919 means more than many years which have preceded it, or many that will follow.

Obeying our summons, we all arrived at the appointed hour of eight; and almost immediately the good time began. Those who received their full share of the dentist's red pepper and mustard were most sure that their (good) time had come. After playing many other games, Harold and Josephine Clifford were united in marriage by the Rev. Lowell Dowdell. To celebrate the occasion we danced until the New Year had been ushered in with all the noise that Juniors and Seniors can make.

To season us for what was to follow we were all obliged to eat a plate of goulash, as George calls it. This was probably done to see who were the most capable of disposing of the refreshments which were then served. About one o'clock, after a bit of dancing, we took our horns and started on our way.

Oratorical Contest

One of the most enjoyable evenings any of us have had for some time was the evening of the annual oratorical contest, held this year on Friday night, January 24. Probably never before has there been a more interesting group of orations, which, together with the musical numbers contributed by the Sophomore class, made up this splendid program:

Trombone solo—Roger Wilson.
The American Navy—Lynnet Casbon.
Universal Military Training—Bernard Hershman.
Americanism—Robert Winslow.
The Aftermath of War—Mark Loring.
Vocal solo—Ruth Blachly.
The Rank and File—Lois Seymour.
Enthusiasm—Mildred Chaffee.
Our Greatest American—Evelyn Litz.
Violin solo—Charles Coyer.

The judges awarded the prizes to Lois Seymour and Bob Winslow. The Seniors had their customary canteen in a very conspicuous part of the south hall. The money received at our canteen was to help defray the expenses of the Annual.

After the program was over, there was an informal dance in the basement. Not only did the younger people remain, but

also many of the parents stayed to have a good time. We never again will have to worry about getting an orchestra, as we have one right here at school. Everything taken into consideration, this was the most enjoyable oratorical contest of the four which the Seniors have been able to attend, and we sincerely hope that the underclassmen will enjoy their similar entertainments as much as we enjoyed ours.

The Seniors Entertained by George Bennett

Well, we certanly had a good time at George's!

The first Friday night in February we were invited to spend an evening at his house; and, to show George that we appreciated his invitation, we arrived, both young and old, in great numbers.

Miss Benney proved herself the most efficient guesser in a contest of names and received as her reward a miniature leather-bound copy of "The Raven." Athlene has at last found her life work. This Friday night she appeared before the public as champion cackler of the Senior Class of 1919. Her first compensation along this line was a donkey and cart—a good beginning. Those who had not been initiated into the secret order of the "Hodunk" were given a chance on this night of becoming duly qualified. Thank goodness, that is all over with.

In between games we danced; and then came the good things to eat, which Mrs. Bennett is always sure to have on hand.

As is our usual custom, we finished the evening by dancing awhile; and at a late hour, for seniors, we started on our way, not forgetting to thank George for the very good time he had given us.

Class Party at Mildred Chaffee's

On the evening of February twenty-first, after seeing Crown Point defeated by Valparaiso, we went to the home of Mildred Chaffee, where the Seniors were entertained by Mildred, Lois and Wilma. The house was decorated in red, white and blue; and throughout the evening there were many suggestions commemorating George Washington's birthday.

In the first game we filled out programs similar to dance programs, and then were required to spend three minutes with our partner doing some unusual stunt. In traveling about the rooms such unusual sights as Mr. Chaffee flirting with Athlene, or Miss Benney chewing gum, or even Mr. Jessee keeping quiet for three minutes, were seen. Appropriate prizes were given to those who did their stunt most successfully. One of the main diversions of the evening was taffy pulling. Everyone received a plate of taffy to pull; and if prizes had been given for this, I am sure that Mr. Jessee would have carried off the honors as champion taffy puller, although Mr. Pauley would have been a close second; but we need not argue the question.

Bernard seemed insistent that someone receive a shock, and brought along his electric generator. How hard everyone worked for the nickel! But at last all attempts were declared useless.

After having been served with delicious refreshments, we spent an hour or more in dancing. We shall not soon forget the good time that Mildred, Wilma and Lois gave us, for it was one of the best times we have had together this year.

Seniors Entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Pauley

One day the Seniors were unexpectedly summoned to Miss McIntyre's room and more than surprised when Mr. Pauley announced that he and Mrs. Pauley were giving us a party on the following Friday night.

At our usual hour of eight we arrived at the school building and went to the kindergarten room, which was decorated in our class colors—blue and gray. After a little dancing a series of games were arranged for us, so we lined up in two parties—the blues and the grays. A football game, spelling game, an elopement, and "Going to Jerusalem," afforded much amusement. The spelling game showed that even some of the Seniors need to learn how to spell, especially Chester—"w-i-s-a-r-d."

After more dancing, Mrs. Pauley, assisted by some of the Senior girls, served delicious refreshments. Ask George.

We hope that Mr. and Mrs. Pauley have some idea of how much we all appreciated this lovely party—we have not ceased talking about it yet.

Weenie Roast at Sager's

One Friday noon the Seniors unexpectedly decided to have a weenie roast at Sager's, in the evening, so at seven o'clock we all gathered at Alberta's and started out to the lake.

After a jolly walk out there we made a big fire and then sat down with our long, pointed sticks, and proceeded to make those good sandwiches which taste even better when they are burned.

Knowing that even Seniors at times become childish we played hide-and-go-seek, when we were not drinking spring-water.

As it was nearing eleven o'clock the chaperons decided it was time to go home, so while part of us took the boats back, the rest proceeded home via the Pennsylvania tracks.

Experience Party

The Seniors will hold an experience social early in May, when each Senior will hand to the class treasurer the dollar which he or she has earned and tell how it was earned. The money will help to defray the expenses of the Valenian.

As the Valenian must go to press before the end of our school activities, many good times to come before the end of our Senior year can not be recorded. The Junior-Senior prom, the High School reception to the Seniors, and the Junior-Senior picnic are a few of the activities which will close our High School days.

—Harriet Newland.

Music and Drama

MUSIC AND DRAMATIC ART

WE CANNOT be too thankful for the kind of music which our school has enjoyed this year. This refining influence has created a great interest among the pupils, has furnished entertainment for both the school and the public, and has brought out the latent talent in our midst.

MISS JUVA N. HIGBEE

All this is due to the untiring efforts of Miss Juva Higbee, who could not be better fitted for the place, as instructor in music for our schools. She has had extensive musical education and experience, and has the energy needed to carry out the plans which she made last fall. First, new song-books were ordered for the Assembly; then under her direction the Girls' Glee Club, the Boys' Glee Club, the Chorus, the Orchestra, the Music Club, and the Ukelele Club were organized. The first fruits of Miss Higbee's efforts and ability were displayed to the public on the night of December 19, 1918, at Memorial Opera House, in a concert given by the Orchestra and Glee Clubs. The following program shows the variety and high quality of the work accomplished:

"Visions of Childhood" (waltz) ..... O. Neilson
Orchestra.

"Marching" ..... H. Trotere
Boys' Glee Club.

"Slumber Boat" ..... J. Gaynor
Girls' Glee Club.

"Nazareth" ..... Gounod
Chorus.

Violin solo, "Souvenir" ..... Drdla
Charles Coyer.

"The Darks" ..... F. Wastings
Boys' Glee Club.

"Carissima" ..... A. Penn
Orchestra.

"Nursery Rhyme Suite"..... A. S. Constance
Girls' Glee Club.

"Kentucky Babe"..... Gerbel
Boys' Glee Club.

"The Lost Chord"..... Sullivan
Chorus (with orchestra accompaniment).

"Dawn"..... O. Straus
Girls' Glee Club.

"Sweet and Low"..... Barnby
Chorus.

"Old Glory Selection" (On National Airs)..... Seredy
Orchestra.

THE OPERETTA

One day in January the members of the different musical clubs met and organized "The High School Music Club." There are about seventy members in this club. On Friday evening, May 9, 1919, The High School Music Club presented "The Little Tycoon," a comic American-Japanese opera, in two acts, by Willard Spenser.

Characters

Violet, The Little Tycoon, General Knickerbocker's Daughter
..... Gretchen Marquart

Alvin Barry, The Great Tycoon, a Wall street broker.....
..... Robert Winslow

General Knickerbocker, an old-time Knickerbocker.....
..... Lowell Dowdell

Rufus Ready, Alvin's friend, later interpreter to Tycoon.....
..... Otis Sanford

Lord Dolphin, son of Marchioness of Pullhimback, Byron Loomis

Teddy, an Irishman, Lord Dolphin's Valet..... Ernest Lembke

Miss Hurricane, chaperon to tourist maidens..... Louella Tofte

Dolly Dimple, Violet's school friend..... Lucille Barnes

Dot, Dollie's friend..... Edith Small

Marchioness of Pullhimback..... Alberta Miner

Second Valet ..... Bruce Stansell

Montgomery, General Knickerbocker's footman, Claire Maxwell

Customhouse Officer..... Bartlett Marimon

Chorus, Hobgoblins, Brigands, Tourists, Maidens, College Tourists.

Accompaniment—Miss Ruth Maguire and High School Orchestra

Director—Juva N. Higbee.

Manager—Tom Morony

THE ORCHESTRA

The Orchestra consists of twelve pieces, and has produced some fine music. It has appeared before the high school on several occasions, and every selection was received with delight. Those in the Orchestra are:

Charles Coyer—Violin.	Joseph Boryzko—Violin.
John Middaugh—Violin.	Frank Horn—Trombone.
Claude Bennett—Violin.	Richard Fabing—Trombone.
Mary Louise Jessee—Violin.	Russell Nixon—Clarinet.
Helen Schleman—Violin.	Thomas Morony—Saxaphone.
Hubert Miller—Violin.	Bernard Hershman—Drummer.

Harry Albe—Saxaphone.

Accompanist—Ruth Fredericks.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

PERSONNEL

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

First Soprano	*Second Soprano*
Evelyn Litz	Alberta Miner
Marjorie Cole	Mildred McCord
Anna Boryzko	Dorothy Dee
Hazel Butler	Mildred Chaffee
Gretchen Marquart	Edith Small
Mary Sanford	Leone Williams
Kathryn Fox	Autumn Bartholomew
Lucille Barnes	Mary Louise Jessee
Louella Tofte	Reva Dolson
	Thelma Passow

Alto	*Alto*
Elizabeth Wyman	Vera Cole
Lael White	Frances Kulp
Kathryn Maxwell	Athlene Clemons

Accompanist—Kathleen Dee.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

PERSONNEL

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Baritone

LeRoy Stansell
George Hauff
Atwood Collier
Harry Atwell
Bruce Stansell
Otis Sanford
Thomas Marimon
George Bennett
Chester Kulp

Bass

Bartlett Marimon
Clair Maxwell

Alto

Ernest Lembke
Arthur Mains
Steven Corboy

Tenor

Louis Krueger
Harry Albe
Lowell Dowdell
Robert Winslow

SENIOR PLAY

Presented April 12 at Memorial Opera House

Directed by Miss Beulah Bondy.

Cast of Characters

James Stone ..... Mark Loring
William, a servant ..... Lynnet Casbon
Dora, a servant ..... Delilah Ridenbaugh
Eva, Stone's Daughter ..... Lois Seymour
Beatrice, Stone's Young Wife ..... Mildred Chaffee
Tom Blane, Stone's Nephew ..... Bernard Hershman
Daniel Webster White, a Colored Gentleman ..... Harold Pomeroy
Neil Browning, Eva's suitor ..... Chas. Foster, Jr.
Gustave Puders, a Composer ..... Robert Winslow
Julius Button ..... Chester Kulp
Lillian Tussel ..... Louella Tofte
Antonette, Lillian's Maid ..... Harriet Newland
John Davis, a Suburban Banker ..... Geo. Bennett
Katherine, His Wife ..... Gretchen Specht
Augusta, Their Daughter ..... Ruth Parks
Mrs. Miller ..... Katherine McWhinney
Samuel Hicks ..... Blaine Maudlin

Period

Present Day

THE SENIOR PLAY

SUCH enthusiasm has rarely been seen in Valparaiso as was exhibited on the night of April 11th, at Memorial Opera House, when the Seniors gave their annual play.

"Business Is Business," the play, was a comedy of the most jovial kind, and the large audience, which taxed the capacity of the auditorium to its very doors, greeted the players and their clever witticisms with bursts of laughter and deafening applause.

The cast included seventeen of the young people of the senior class. It would be most difficult to say who starred, as honors were so evenly divided, and each member performed his part with excellence and in touches with amazing skill. Robert Winslow, as Gustave Puders, an eccentric composer, was one of the comedy "hits" of the show. He gave an unerring characterization of a rather difficult part, with extremely good comedy sense, and brought the house down time after time. Bernard Hershman, as Tom, the young hero of the play, gave a distinctive and likable personality to his character. Blaine Maudlin gave an impersonation as true to life as anyone could desire. Mr. and Mrs. Davis and daughter, Augusta, played by George Bennett, Gretchen Specht and Ruth Parks, were all splendid. Mr. Davis, a suburban banker, not a real villain, just a little dazzled by the city, was excellent. Mrs. Davis was true to life and her insistent nagging at her hen-pecked husband was heartily enjoyed by the audience. Ruth Parks, as well as Louella Tofte, the vampire actress, Harriet Newland, Delilah Ridenbaugh and Lois Seymour, were all so pretty and altogether charming that that in itself would have satisfied the most exacting observer. Mark Loring, as James Stone, the jealous husband, did a splendid piece of work, making his character true and consistent. He was ably supported by Mildred Chaffee, who as Mrs. Stone, made a winsome and lovable wife.

Special mention must be made of Harold Pomeroy, as Daniel Webster White, a colored gentlemen of culture, who in an altogether satisfying manner played the character role of the play. He kept up the comedy from the moment he appeared until he left the stage, and it was hard to believe he was an amateur. Charles Foster, as Neil Browning, the innocent cause of all the trouble, played his part with ease and accuracy. Chester Kulp, the young man fleeing from his creditors, developed splendid speed and adroitness. Kathryn McWhinney, as the sad widow, was emphatic and convincing. Lynnet Casbon, as the butler, played his part well.

Without doubt, the play was by far the most successful and finished throughout that has been given by a graduating class for many years.

Miss Evelyn Litz gave a delightful solo dance between acts. She is a promising young dancer, and received hearty applause.

Miss Bondy directed the play.

Furniture and costumes for the play were furnished by Lowenstine & Sons and Specht-Finney Company.

—Contributed by an Out-of-Town Observer.

CALENDAR FOR CLASS OF 1919

SEPTEMBER

Sept. 2.—Everybody crazy to be back?
Just enough boys to keep this school from being a girls' seminary.
Dr. Gelston at chapel.

Sept. 3.—Freshies look like a regular "Infantry."
Dot Dodge receives her first calling. "The first hundred years are always the hardest."

Sept. 4.—Everybody taking French. "Oh, Frenchy"!

Sept. 5.—George Bennett and Chester Kulp arrive after adding a few days to their vacation. Boys are always welcome.

Sept. 6.—Miss McIntyre has her old job back, walking up and down the aisles during study periods to wake 'em up.

Sept. 9.—Oh. girls! Who's the new fellow? (A Rumor) He's from Wheeler.

Sept. 10.—Kate Mc. goes up in front third period. Everybody roars! (Something green in rear.)

Sept. 12.—Oh, Boy! Smile now; we didn't have to sing "Just a Song at Twilight." "So pack up your troubles in your kit bag and Smile! Smile! Smile!" We're strong for you, Miss Higbee.

Sept. 13.—Friday, 13th! Third period Teapot observes shoeless day and hobbles up to waste basket for lost shoe. How did it get there?

Sept. 16.—Miss Welty threatens to change a few Seniors in the back seats. Gretchen Smith and Lillian Gruenert, that means you.

Sept. 17.—Notice on front board—"SAVE PAPER" * * * What next?

Sept. 18.—Quotations for morning exercises.
Harry Albe gets a crush on Gwenola Barnes.
First Senior meeting.

SEPTEMBER 20

Sept. 20.—We are just shaking with patriotism observing "heatless days" at the commercial building.

Sept. 24.—Rev. Denton at chapel.
Kate Mc. and Tommy P. receive "noisy letters" from the Forging Co.

Sept. 25.—Mary Pickford is wearing her hair down in curls again. Poor Bill!!

Sept. 26.—Ellen Arvin at noon, "Oh, Louis, I got a letter from Bob."

Sept. 27.—Prof. Jessee threatens to break up the Specht-Finney Co.
Football game tonight!

SEPTEMBER 29

Sept. 29.—Kate is dated up on the back.

Sept. 30.—Freshies and Juniors win from Sophomores and Seniors. Everybody all banged up.

OCTOBER

Oct. 1.—First staff meeting.

Oct. 2.—Rev. Newsom gives an interesting talk on his camp life.
Bob receives his long-looked-for GOLD MEDAL for writing an essay when a freshie.

Oct. 3.—A rumor—No basketball this winter on account of the gym.
"D——n the Kaiser."

Oct. 4.—Mr. Jessee has a new idea about "coming in and going out"! Remember the doors!

Oct. 7.—School dismissed on account of the "flu." Are we glad?
Everybody for the woods.

Oct. 8.—Charles and Windy take some wild (?) pictures for the Annual at the weenie roast given in honor of Lt. Card, at Lake Michigan. Who said there was a ban on fresh air???

Oct. 10.—The "flu" certainly disappears suddenly. Everybody glad to come back?

Oct. 11.—Flu is spreading. School dismissed again.
Harry Albe leaves to join the Aviation Service.

NOVEMBER

Nov. 11.—Peace!
School again!
Smallpox and flu gone.
School dismissed this P. M. for the peace celebration.
"Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?"

Nov. 12.—Mrs. Walsh leaves the dismal schoolroom for better surroundings.
Miss Welty and the assembly blackboard meet with a crash.

Nov. 13.—Ellen Arvin: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."
Mr. Jessee: "That depends on the other fellow."
Kate as usual gets the drift about 15 minutes late, "Haw, Haw, Haw", and we all get to laugh twice.

Nov. 14.—Gret. Specht receives a letter from Cleveland. P. S. "Isle of View." New girl; blonde. Peanuts becomes interested.

Nov. 15.—Mr. Jessee: "Those Senior girls in the back should be models for the under-classmen."
Senior fight for pins and rings.

Nov. 19.—Rev. Baer at chapel on "Trust In the Mighty God."
Lou Ella Tofte sounds like a regiment coming in this A. M. Why all the rush, Tofte?

Nov. 22.—Olive spends a whole period trying to decide between "Charles and Peter."

Nov. 23.—Miss Ashton has a sudden liking for Prof. Jessee. Everybody notices it.
Kathleen Dee gives Earle McMillan love-pats with her ruler all during French period.

Nov. 25.—All those not vaccinated please leave. Evidently everyone has been.
Charles F. and Blaine are requested to leave.

Nov. 26.—Rev. Williams at chapel gives an interesting talk on "Christ Feeding the Five Thousand."

DECEMBER

Dec. 2.—Claude Bennett thinks it pretty nervy of Mr. Jessee to interrupt him while he was reading a note from Dot.

Dec. 3.—Prof. Jessee gives the assembly one grand lecture on school spirit.

Dec. 5.—We get basketball after all. Team organizes today.

Dec. 6.—Fannie Stevens now has eyebrows.

Dec. 7.—Gwenola Barnes as usual spends the fifth period fixing her hair. Wonder who sits by her the sixth period?

Dec. 10.—Miss Welty makes so much confusion by hitting the bell that the whole French class rushes in.

Dec. 11.—Chemistry II. visits the gas plant. Gene Pauley: "Daddy, why did you want me to come down here?" We all agree with Gene.

Dec. 12.—First basketball game, Valparaiso vs. Wanatah. We win 30—13. Hulda Ruge celebrates, by giving the old, but still popular dance, the "Hula Hula."

Dec. 16.—33—19 in favor of Valpo. I guess that will hold South Bend awhile. Art Mains has a black eye for someone next time.

DECEMBER 18

Dec. 18.—Steve Corboy tries to slide down the platform steps but loses his balance.
Quotations this A. M. Byron Loomis gets tongue tied on "her'n in his'n and his'n in her'n."

Dec. 19.—Athletic Association meeting. Everybody welcome. Come and join if you are not a member; we need the money.

Dec. 20.—Sawyer is sick; and we play Emerson tonight!!!

Dec. 20-Jan. 2.—VACATION!

DECEMBER 27

Dec. 27.—Alumni beat us.
After which the Senior Class are "fluently" entertained at Gretchen Specht's and enjoy the good time that only the holiday season allows.

Dec. 31.—Juniors and Seniors hold a watch party at the school house. Have to hand it to the cooks—best eats. Welcome the New Year in with plenty of noise.

JANUARY

Jan. 2.—Everybody back!
Several try to snatch a few minutes' sleep.
Mishawaka, Chicago and Purdue are represented in school today.

Jan. 3.—About 10 below in the assembly this A. M. Blaine tries to warm his hands on Deliah's face.
Marjorie Cole tries to get out of her seat, but misses her footing and falls flat.

Jan. 6.—Another victory! Argos the sufferer.
Prof. Jessee gives French I one of his world-famous speeches on behavior in class. You can hear the clock tick for the rest of the period. It must be great to be able to make such forceful talks.

Jan. 8.—Teapot and Chuck Foster are caught "arguing" on the hall steps.

Jan. 9.—Win 21 to 18 from Plymouth.

Jan. 10.—Everything dead today until Gretchen started breaking taffy with her ruler and passing it around.

Jan. 15.—Quotations again! Bart Marmion: "The course of true love never did run smooth." Poor fellow! He must have had experience.

Jan. 16.—Mary Marquart and young Hippy are interrupted by Mr. Jessee. He surely was never young and foolish, or he would understand.

Jan. 17.—George Bennett gets a crush on Phil Stinchfield.

Jan. 20.—Several of the fair sex are wearing "friend" opposite sex's shirt today. Carrie Mae has the colors on all right of Art Cloud's purple, etc., shirt.

JANUARY 21

Jan. 21.—Mildred Boyer misses her seat and sits on the floor. Why can't we have more people with such spirit?

Jan. 22.—The boys receive a warning not to wear feminine clothing.

Jan. 23.—Walked off with Bourbon in basketball.

Jan. 24.—Regardless of scare, Bob and George wear slip-on sweaters; but Prof. Jessee interrupts Eng. 7 and orders Bob and George to leave until they are properly dressed.

Jan. 25.—Exams!—X—Blank??
After Physics exam Kate, drinking at the fountain, hears what sounds like Windy's gentle voice, "Shut that door!"

Jan. 26.—Oratorical. Huge success for Seniors.
Everybody getting regular ponies and carts for exams Monday.
Jan. 29.—Yes, we have a pencil sharpener, but nevertheless Babe Horn has to sweep pencil shavings from around his seat.
Jan. 30.—Prepare for a shock! It was actually proven today that Prof. Jessee was chewing gum. Can't be, can it??
Jan. 31.—Last day of the term. Same old resolutions—"I'll do better next term."

FEBRUARY

Feb. 3.—Everybody makes all his credits as usual?
Ruth Hershman, first new freshie to brave the assembly and go up on the platform. Nerve!!
A new little boy, Johnnie Hardin, is brought to school by his daddy.
Feb. 5.—Dr. Wishart gives a splendid talk on the war.
Feb. 6.—Gretchen Specht and Peanuts are found sitting together by Miss Hamblin. They adjourn to the hall with Miss Hamblin after them.
Feb. 7.—Something new and different today—Mildred Chaffee didn't study the last period——.
Feb. 10.—Prof. Boucher speaks in chapel.
Bill Blaze goes up after paper six times the first period, actual count by Teapot; while Mildred Chaffee, a senior, still has a weak feeling when she crosses the assembly.
Feb. 11.—Quotations from Lincoln this A. M.
Did someone say Wanatah beat us? What next?
Feb. 12.—Bashful little Harry gets a crush on Tommy.
Feb. 14.—Valentine Day, but you wouldn't have known it only Charles got a crush on Athlene.
Feb. 17.—What next!!! Hank Newland came out of her shell today and has more pep than the whole high school put together. There's a reason.
Feb. 18.—During Father Mungovan's lecture in chapel this morning, Harry Albe gets so excited over the defeat of a German, he starts clapping and cheering.

FEBRUARY 19

Feb. 19.—Florence Griffin tries to sleep on two chairs during bookkeeping.
Feb. 20.—Horrors!! Mr. Jessee rings the wrong bell!! "Lest we forget."
Feb. 21.—Mr. Walter Brunfield gives a very interesting and amusing talk on farm life as a vocation.
Feb. 24.—Juicy Burke gets generous and gives Pinky a bottle of ink and a composition book to write this calendar in.
Feb. 27.—Grand warm day!!
"In Spring a young man's fancy"—you know the rest; anyway, Mary Marquart and Lowell Dowdell were seen this noon taking a stroll.
Feb. 28.—Louis Fenton and Art Cloud skip class and try to skate in the school yard.

MARCH

March 4.—Another rumor! Pearl Mudge is to marry a soldier!
March 5.—Sh-s-s—What did George see at the class play rehearsal? (Gretchen Specht and Chuck F.)
March 6.—Free! Game with Wanatah—but where was Wanatah? You can't get anything for nothing.
March 7.—Tournament at Gary.
The team and a bunch leave. Good luck!
Found—A stray cat in assembly 2nd hour. Mary Pickford nobly picks up the cat and walks out.
March 8.—East Chicago is our Waterloo at the tourney. But there are always a lot of reasons.
March 10.—Phil S. now has the best seat in the assembly. It pays to be good sometimes.
March 11.—Miss McIntyre catches Hudge throwing a note to Tom. Hudge turns red to the ears.

March 12.—Poor Reva receives three callings in one period.

March 13.—Several of the boys go down to the State Tourney. Lucky!

March 17.—Dorothy Todd and Mildred Jordan didn't forget St. Patrick's Day.

March 18.—Mr. Jessee exercises a little of his surplus energy by sweeping off the platform—also dusting the railing. Oh—to have such a husband!

March 19.—John Fabing spends all first period day dreaming. (She is coming Saturday.)

Seniors busy selling tickets for the benefit show tomorrow night.

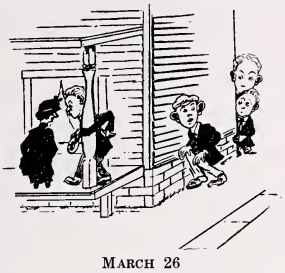
March 20.—George Bennet walks into assembly with small gunny sack of money from the benefit.

March 21.—"Pilly" Thurman gets angry at Lois S. and talks out loud in assembly.

Seniors cleared about $75. Success??

March 24.—The days of real sport. Harold P. and big Hippy catch a joy ride to the commercial building, 3rd hour, on the back of a dray.

Seniors hold meeting to decide on caps and gowns.



MARCH 26

March 26.—After class play rehearsal it takes Peanuts 45 minutes to tell Kate good-night; actual count by Bob, Hank, George and Pinky.

"Issie's" shoes squeak considerably when he goes after paper for the nth time last hour.

March 27.—"Second Childhood." Miss Benney brings a pair of roller skates to school.

March 28.—Mugzie Szold and Al Cloud visit school.

Mary Margaret K. gets cold in French and adjourns to the hall for her gloves.

APRIL

April 1.—April fool!

The bells are stuffed as usual. George and Harold try to plant onions during Bookkeeping.

Windy sends three underclassmen in to Miss Benney for April Fool!

April 2.—Onions are still in sufficient quantity to give the air a delicate odor.

April 4.—"Prof. Pauley is giving a party for the seniors tonight." Now all together, three "rahs"' for "Pauley."

April 7.—It was a regular party.

Miss Meadows has a gentleman caller during Bookkeeping—but, alas! he only came on business.

April 8.—Prof. Pauley takes Physics class down to see the interior of the Telephone Exchange; when they leave not a boy is missing!!

April 9.—Evelyn Litz and Miss Hamblin have quite a discussion in class.

April 10.—Ivan Cole gets the bells twisted for dismissal of classes.

April 11.—The cast for the senior play take it upon themselves to be absent Friday.

April 14.—A new boy! Hurray! What class is he in?

April 15.—Miss Hamblin entertains a bunch in her room from 8:40 to 9:00 A. M. by reading "Keeping Up With Lizzie."

April 16.—Carrol Sievers falls into the waste basket. Does he blush?

April 17.—Pete Le Pell gets a front seat.

April 18.—Babe Horn and Tom Morony break a perfectly good seat in English IV scuffling over a "bottle" in Babe's pocket.

April 21.—What next! The Seniors are required to take intelligence exams!

Junior-Senior Prom.

MAY

May 15-16.—EXAMS!

For once "Ignorance is not Bliss."

May 18.—Baccalaureate sermon.

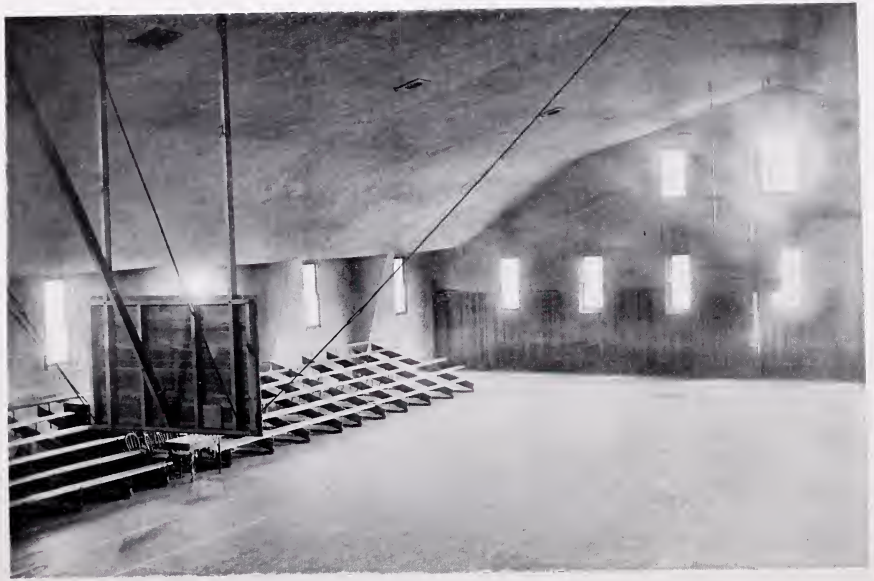
May 22.—Commencement.

May 24.—Reception.

May 26.—Junior-Senior picnic.

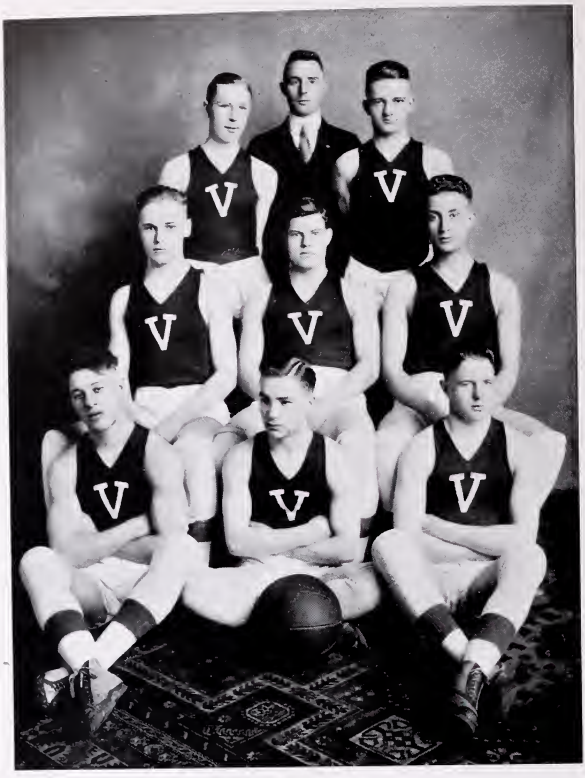
—*Ruth Parks.*

Our Gym



Our Gym

J.H.PELL
ATHLETICS
FIT FOR UNCLE SAM



BASKETBALL

BASKETBALL this year was a big success in every way. Through the kindness of Prof. Kinsey, of the University, we were permitted to use their gym. During the whole season we won thirteen games and lost only four. Of the four games lost, two were to Gary, one to East Chicago, and one to Wanatah. It is impossible to defeat Wanatah on her own, floor, because it is very small (about the size of a cigar box), and the ceiling is only three feet above the basket. In a practice game with Wanatah here we ran up a score of 73 on them.

Coach Kegg developed a team that was feared by all Northern Indiana basketball fans. The team kept up Valpo's reputation and won admiration everywhere by always playing clean ball. When we defeated South Bend on her own floor by a score of 32—9 in the first game of the season, we were rated as one of the strongest teams in Northern Indiana. Two of our four defeats were only by four points, and one by two points. The high score mark of our season was 59. Taking everything into consideration, the team made a wonderful record.

The team could not have asked for better support. At every game, large or small, and in all kinds of weather, there was always a large crowd. At the tournament, Valpo had over two hundred rooters; and had we been in the final game the gym could not have held our own supporters. The team wishes to thank the public for their loyal support.

When Mr. Shafer, who had been our coach for three years, resigned, the High School was without a basketball coach. Fortunately, Mr. Kegg, the new Manual Training teacher, had been coaching teams for the last five years in California, and knew basketball from A to Z. He coached the team the whole season.

R. L. KEGG, *Coach*

In basketball Kegg developed a strong team in every respect, not so much through the material he had to work with, but rather from the clean, hard-fighting spirit that he inspired in the team. He knew all the tricks of basket ball; but, like all real coaches, he encouraged his team to play clean ball at all times. He accompanied the team on nearly all the trips, and did all within his power to help them. It was through his faithfulness and coaching that we had such a successful season. Little was done in football this year, but in his training of the Seniors for the interclass game he showed that he knew football to a "T".'

WALTER HILTPOLD

Hippy, or "Fannie," started his basketball career when he was a freshman, and has played in the regular team ever since. "Fannie" is a hard worker and a consistent player, always fighting until the final whistle, and fooling his opponents with his mighty left. His good nature and fighting spirit class him as a clean sportsman. He alternated at guard and forward, filling both places with ease.

WERNER HILTPOLD

Werner played in every game. His accurate basket shooting saved us from defeat more than once. His eye for the basket and speed were the features of his playing, although his defense was not weak. He always played a hard game at forward; and his good all-around work easily made him a favorite with the fans. He has one more year with the team.

MARK LORING

The team displayed rare good judgment in its selection of Mark ('Happy") as their floor leader, for he is the embodiment of the characteristics of a general. True to his appellation, he is always happy, and he possesses the faculty of instilling cheer and pep into his team-mates. Few boys ever excelled him in the spirit of sportdom. His mental attitude has always been superior, and none who wear the "V" do so more deservedly than he. Mark was a good, consistent player and filled the center position capably. Few players put more spirit into the game, and the V. H. S. regrets to lose so worthy a representative.

—Contributed.

EARL SCOTT

Scotty at forward and guard was one of the best fighters on the team. He would take the ball away from anyone; nobody was too big for him. Without a doubt he is the scrappiest player in this section. Earl played a hard, fast game, and was always there with the goods. His eye for long baskets is deadly. Scotty has two more years of basketball.

ROSSMAN SAWYER

Sawyer was chosen on the All Sectional Team by both referees of the tournament, and is without a doubt the best guard in Northern Indiana. It was through his excellent guarding that we were able to hold our opponents to such small scores. The team depended a great deal upon him; and he has always played a good game. He is more than deserving of his nickname, "Our Stonewall Guard."

CARROLL SIEVERS

"Red" is a hard fighter and an aggressive player, and can be relied upon to hold down his part in any fray. He is a valuable man, both on offensive and defensive work, and is an expert at passing the ball. Carroll has another year on the team, and great things are expected of him next year.

LE ROY STANSELL

LeRoy received the nickname of "Valpo's Baby" at Bourbon. He always played a scrappy game whenever he was on the floor. He was handicapped some by his light weight, but he easily made up for that in speed and aggressiveness.

HAROLD POMEROY

"Pom" has all the qualities of a good player. Whenever he played he was one of the best workers on the team. His willingness to give to the team his best efforts at all times made him a valuable man.

H. M. JESSEE, *Manager*

The High School students do not realize how fortunate they are in having Mr. Jessee for their athletic manager. He was at every game, and encouraged the team whether they were winning or not, and was always ready to do anything to help out. He financed the team through a very successful season, which closed with a good sum of money in the treasury, a thing never accomplished before.

	Walter H.				Werner H.				Loring			
Opponents	B	F	P	T	B	F	P	T	B	F	P	T
Wanatah	4	0	2	0	4	5	0	0	3	0	0	0
South Bend	3	0	0	0	5	2	0	0	7	0	1	0
Emerson	2	0	1	0	1	1	1	0	2	0	1	1
Alumni	5	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	1	1	0
Argus	3	0	1	0	6	1	1	0	3	0	1	0
Plymouth	3	0	1	0	4	1	1	0	2	2	1	0
Froebel	5	0	0	1	13	0	0	0	6	0	3	0
Froebel	3	0	2	0	5	1	1	0	3	2	0	0
Bourbon	4	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	2	0	2	0
Emerson	1	7	1	0	1	0	1	1	2	0	2	0
Michigan City	9	0	0	0	4	0	1	0	0	1	1	0
Plymouth	5	0	0	1	2	9	1	3	5	0	1	1
Wanatah	4	1	1	0	4	0	1	0	2	0	2	0
Bourbon	0	4	2	0	4	0	1	0	4	0	1	0
Michigan City	0	3	0	2	8	0	0	0	10	0	1	0
Crown Point	6	3	1	0	1	0	1	2	9	0	2	3
Morocco	2	4	2	1	1	0	1	0	6	0	2	0
East Chicago	2	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	1	0
Totals	61	22	16	5	66	20	12	6	68	7	23	5

B—Baskets
F—Free Throws

BASKET BALL

R. L. Kegg ..... Coach

H. M. Jessee ..... Manager

Team

Werner Hiltpold ..... Forward
Walter Hiltpold ..... Forward
Mark Loring ..... Center
Earl Scott ..... Guard
Rossman Sawyer ..... Guard

Substitutes

Carroll Sievers
LeRoy Stansell
Harold Pomeroy
Charles Coyer

Scott				Sawyer				Sievers				Stansell			
B	F	P	T	B	F	P	T	B	F	P	T	B	F	P	T
2	0	3	0	0	0	2	0	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
1	1	1	0	x	x	x	x	1	0	0	0	x	x	x	x
0	0	2	0	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	4	0	0	0
2	0	1	1	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	5	0	1	0
0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
2	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
0	0	3	1	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0
1	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0
1	0	4	1	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	x	x	x	x
2	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	x	x	x	x
1	0	3	2	0	0	2	1	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
1	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
5	0	3	0	0	0	2	0	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
4	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	x	x	x	x	1	0	0	0
1	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
2	0	3	0	0	0	2	0	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
2	0	3	0	0	0	1	1	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
27	1	36	8	1	0	15	2	2	0	0	0	15	0	1	0

P—Personals
T—Technicals

X—Games Not Played

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

				At
Valparaiso	30	Wanatah	13	Valparaiso
Valparaiso	32	South Bend	9	South Bend
Valparaiso	16	Emerson	20	Valparaiso
Valparaiso	39	Argus	20	Valparaiso
Valparaiso	21	Plymouth	18	Plymouth
Valparaiso	57	Froebel	9	Valparaiso
Valparaiso	32	Froebel	13	Gary
Valparaiso	30	Bourbon	7	Valparaiso
Valparaiso	16	Emerson	32	Gary
Valparaiso	33	Michigan City	5	Michigan City
Valparaiso	35	Plymouth	18	Valparaiso
Valparaiso	23	Wanatah	25	Wanatah
Valparaiso	30	Bourbon	17	Bourbon
Valparaiso	49	Michigan City	14	Valparaiso
Valparaiso	37	Crown Point	8	Valparaiso
Valparaiso	26	Morocco	4	Gary
Valparaiso	11	East Chicago	15	Gary
Valparaiso	517	Opponents	247	

TOURNAMENT

NEARLY everybody expected the sectional tournament to be held here, but for some unknown reason the State Board gave it to Gary. The games were played on the Y. M. C. A. floor, which is very small and unfit for a tournament. By a ruling of the State Board the halves were only fifteen minutes long.

Our first game was with Morocco at 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon. We happened to eat at the same table with the Morocco team Friday noon, and from the looks of them we expected a hard game. The game started out fast, and Valpo made the first basket after two minutes of playing. Morocco had good team work, but was unable to get by our "Stonewall Guards." The half ended 21—0, the goose egg belonging to Morocco. The next half was very slow; the fellows knew that we could not lose with a lead of twenty-one points, so they took it easy. In the last half Morocco located the basket twice. The final score was 26—4.

Our next game was with East Chicago, at 10 o'clock Saturday morning. East Chicago had a weak team in the early part of the season, but ended up with a very strong one. The first half was very rough. East Chicago, as usual, played the same dirty game that she has a reputation for. At the end of the first half we were on the long end of the score, 7—5. The second half was fast; our passing was good; but we could not make the baskets. We had the ball over half the time and shot three times to East Chicago's once at the basket. The final score was 15—11 in favor of East Chicago.

The finals were played between East Chicago and Emerson. The game was very interesting; the score was tied until the last five minutes; and then "Beany" found his horseshoe and dropped in six long baskets. Emerson won 30—15.

SECOND TEAM TOURNAMENT

THIS year was the first time in Valparaiso's basketball career that she has entered a second team tournament. The team had only one week's practice, and naturally was not as strong as if the players had had longer practice, or the school had provided for a regular second team at the beginning of the year.

The players who comprised the second team were: Carroll Sievers, captain, Otis Sanford, Newell Campbell, Charles Coyer, Lowell Dowdell, John Fabing, and LeRoy Stansell. This team was scheduled to play Emerson at seven o'clock, and was defeated by a close score of 16—14. The other winners of the preliminaries were East Chicago and Whiting. Because of the small number of teams entering the tournament, it was agreed that one of the three losers should remain in the tourney. Coach Kegg drew the lucky number, and this gave us another chance to win the tournament.

Emerson met and defeated East Chicago at two o'clock Saturday afternoon. At three o'clock Whiting defeated us, not because of better players, but because their second team had played together throughout the season. They were also used to their small gym, with its low ceiling, which handicapped our team very much.

In the final game Whiting won the tournament by defeating Emerson 23—15.

The second team certainly got some good experience, and the only suggestion that the team has to make is, that the High

School start a second team at the beginning of the season if they intend to enter the tournament.

The first team wishes to take this opportunity to thank the members of the second team and all who practiced against them this season.

BASKET BALL NOTES

THE FIRST game of the season was with Wanatah. They were ahead at the end of the first half, 9-4; but we fooled them in the second half and won 30-13.

Friday, the 13th, proved to be lucky for Valpo. We beat South Bend on her own floor 32-9, the first time we had ever done it.

You should have seen "Hippy" flirt with a girl from Kansas while we were going to South Bend. As to whether or not she was good looking, ask him. Because of the game he played, it looked as if she might have been an inspiration—ask him; he will tell you all about it.

While we were dressing for the Plymouth game at Plymouth, one of their players asked us, "Will this be your first defeat this year?" We slipped one over them by winning 21-18. All players had some souvenir of the game.

Everybody studied on the Plymouth trip (????).

Stansell received at Bourbon a fitting nickname, "Valpo's Baby."

Everybody on the team was anxious for the Michigan City game at Michigan City. Why? Ask "Hippy" who Anna Bell is?

Sawyer turned all colors when he shot his one and only basket of the season in the Bourbon game.

A great discovery was made in the basket ball world when Collier was unearthed (?).

This question remains unanswered, "Why do they call Hippy 'Fannie'?"

At the tournament LeRoy was taken for our mascot.

The Gary Y. M. C. A. man was right in saying that Gary was the only team that knew how to play on the "Y" floor.

At the tournament Mr. Pauley got so excited that he almost burst the buttons off his vest.

At Plymouth the players did not hear the final whistle; but they knew the game was over, for they saw Mr. Jessee's bald head come out of the crowd, and he lit in the middle of the floor with a smile from ear to ear.

Werner and Scotty had a long walk after the Froebel game at Gary.

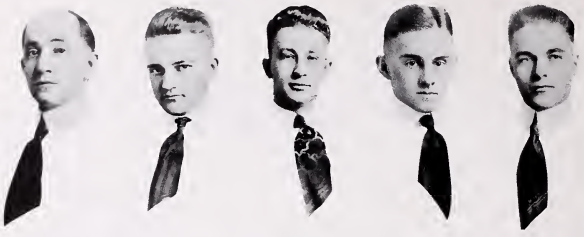
Two days before the Alumni game Carrol cut his arm and could not play. He must have been afraid to play against his brother.

John Albe played a good game at "standing" guard when he practiced.

Scotty was late in getting to the gym a few times. It wasn't his fault that the car from Flint Lake was late.

Although Mr. Boucher held no official position with the team, he was our most loyal rooter. He is a true sport in every sense of the word.

Prof. Neet, of the University, was one of the best rooters and supporters of the team.



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

President .....MARK LORING
Vice-President.....HAROLD POMEROY
Sec'y and Treas.....ARTHUR CLOUD
Manager.....H. M. JESSEE
Chairman Finance Committee....
.....BERNARD HERSHMAN

DURING any school year, in the midst of the most meagre activities, some group of persons will take the initiative and do something to further school spirit. This year much credit must be given to the Athletic Association of the Valparaiso High School.

This organization became a reality December 9, 1918, when Mark Loring was elected president; Harold Pomeroy, vice-president; and Arthur Cloud, secretary-treasurer. The president immediately appointed a membership committee consisting of Robert Winslow, Tom Moroney, Lois Seymour, and Fannie Stevens, who lost no time in securing the majority of the High School students as members of the association. Thus the first great drive was launched; and the association has continued to advance since then, overcoming every obstacle and achieving complete success.

In order that no details should be omitted, the following committees were appointed: Finance, Rules and Regulations, Auditing, and Yells.

The association was very young when the Rules and Regulations Committee issued this proclamation: "The use of tobacco in any form in the building is prohibited; and every member of the association is a committee of one to enforce this rule." It is needless to say that this proclamation met with universal favor. Good reports came in from the committees on yells and membership, and the finance committee decided to issue season tickets for the basket ball games. This last mentioned committee was also given the power to collect the basket ball suits after the tournament in order that they might be ready for next year's team. They are also to issue a sweater of standard quality, bearing the high school "V", to every player on the first team when he is graduated.

The association reached the heighth of its activity when it consented to take charge of the University athletics and finance its visiting teams. After that Valparaiso High School and Valparaiso University booked many games with outside teams, and made an interesting athletic season for Valparaiso fans. In these games "V. H. S." played no little part, for through persistent practice and clean playing our boys won many victories, and their fame was spread throughout the state; particularly did their good sportsmanship manifest itself at the sectional tournament at Gary.

The end of the basket ball season brought the completion of the greater part of the association's work, which can be heartily applauded by all who came in contact with its labors.

Finance: Bernard Hershman, Helen Schleman, Myron Peck, and Mr. Pauley faculty supervisor.

Rules and Regulations: Lowell Dowdell, Carroll Sievers, Walter Hiltpold, and Mr. Kegg faculty supervisor.

Auditing: Ruth Parks, Ruth Blachly, and Clair Maxwell.

Yells: George Bennett, Olive Dolson, Athlene Clemons, and Miss Ashton faculty supervisor.

—Lillian Gruenert.

By The Way

Jokes

These jokes—
They're pretty dry, we must admit,
But if you sneeze and tickle your lip,
It may be you can crack a smile;
And then to the editors, life is worth while.

—o—

Hulda (at a game): Why do they call that a foul? I don't see any feathers.

Tom (on spur of the moment): I guess it is a picked five.

—o—

Windy: What tense do I use when I say, "I am beautiful"?

Peanuts: Remote past.

—o—

If you get an F in Math,
Read our Jokes.
If you want a hearty laugh,
Read our Jokes.
If you fail to make the team,
If you're snubbed by the new "Dream",
If you're a freshmen 'cause you're green,
Read our Jokes.

—o—

Mrs. Walsh, in bookkeeping: Journalize the following: Lost by theft merchandise valued at $50.

H. Albe: Debit Robbers, they come into the business; credit mdse., it goes out of the business.

—o—

Mr. Pauley: Is R. Parks absent?

Teapot: No, she isn't here.

—o—

Chem. II. Mr. Pauley: Tomorrow in lab. we will burn sulphur; there will not be enough burnt to hurt anybody, but a small quantity will kill microbes.

Geo. B.: Better keep some of the freshmen out of the basement, then.

—o—

Miss Benney: Why did Macbeth dislike his wife at the end?

Fannie (better known as Hippy): Because she walked in her sleep.

—o—

Miss Welty: Edward, why aren't you grading your paper with pencil?

Ed. Billings: I have lost my pencil.

Miss Welty: Your pencil is on your ear.

Rossman and a few others, among them H. M. J., that had not been initiated into the Secret Order of Hobunks, were trying to find a back stairs at Geo. Bennett's.

Sawyer (groping over bed): "Claud, Claud, where is the back stairs?"

A woman's gentle, but stern, voice: "Sir, you are in the wrong room."

—o—

Miss Hamblin: What is the conjugation of iubeo?

William B.: Active.

—o—

H. S. SUBJECTS

Before starting to a banquet given by P. H. Ysics, at which many renowned men were present, among them C. Ivics, the uncle of the host, General Science rode up on his Latin Pony and Hist. at Alge Bra, who was French-English. "Go quick, tell Geo. Metry to feed the recently wild but now Domestic Art and Science favorites of Comm. Arithmetic," an old soldier with one Short Hand, an excellent typist, most likely, because his mother's maiden name was Underwood.

—o—

Freshman strolling down the street singing, "Won't You Kiss Me?"

An arrogant Junior alone: Yes, if you will take me home.

He took her home.

—o—

Dot D.: You shouldn't talk so much just because Miss F. is in here.

Soup: Well, she said if I made any more noise the next time she was in here that she would come and sit with me.

—o—

Mr. Pauley (Gen. S.): Now one of you farmer boys can recite on this. All right, Athlene.

—o—

TOO DEEP

I wrote a poem entitled, "Today."
My teacher, she made short shift of it;
She gave it back, remarking that
She couldn't catch the drift of it.

Fat D.: Have you a Roman nose?

G. Specht: No, but I have a running one.

—o—

The coming B. B. star of the V. H. S. (Atwood C.): Mr. Kegg, do you arch the ball or your arms?

—o—

Miss Benney: The Sinn Fines have set up a government and said that they would ignore England, while at the same time England has said that she would ignore them, so you see it is a case of—

Chester K.: Ignorance.

—o—

Earl Mc.: Jess, there is a package at the express office for you, marked hymn books. They want you to get it, because they are leaking.

—o—

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Miss McIntyre as stern as she looks to be?

Seigfred Becker with Babe Horn's height?

Steve Corboy with Paul Bartholomew's walk?

Mary Arden with her hair natural once more?

The Williams' girls the same size?

Teapot studying diligently?

Ronald Stoner not being heard on Wednesday morning?

Hank Newland with Bib McCord's hair?

Kate McWhinney ever laughing at the right time?

Harold Pomeroy with Bart Marimon's voice?

—o—

Mr. Pauley: What is hydrogen?

Jess W.: I'll bite! What is it?

CULLED FROM RECENT EXAMINATION PAPERS

Climate is caused by the emotion of the earth around the sun.

Geometry teaches us how to bibisect angels.

The purpose of the skeleton: something to hitch meat to. The skeleton is what's left after the insides have been taken out and the outsides have been taken off.

A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.

George Washington married Martha Curtis, and in due time became the father of his country.

Georgia was founded by people who had been executed.

A mountain pass is a pass given by the railroads to its employes so that they can spend their vacations in the mountains.

A mountain range is a large cook stove.

The qualification of a voter at a school meeting is that he must be the father of a child for eight weeks.

Gravitation is that if there were none we should fly away.

A test for carbondixoide: Put an animal in a room and if he dies there isn't any carbondioxide in the air.

—o—

The Allies had a little lamb,
It strayed away one day,
It wandered over to Kaiser Bill's,
And coaxed his goat away.

—o—

Ernest L. (at Freshmen meeting): "How much can the eats committee spend?"

Ed.: "He looks as if he was starved."

—o—

Claud Bennett (after Mr. Jessee had said that his case would be settled after school): "What do I care, he can't lick me."

—o—

Soup C.: "What do you want for Christmas, Lois—a doll?"

Lois P.: "No, I want a teddy bear."

—o—

Physocology by Teapot: "A woman never knows what she wants until some other woman gets him."

—o—

CAMOUFLAGE

Little grains of powder,
Little daubs of paint,
Make a girl at forty
Look like what she ain't.

Teapot is a patriotic girl. She dyed her hair "Victory Red", her eyes are "Victory Blue"; but she is always "a Russian" around.

—o—

Miss Barth. (in Domestic S.): What is a caloremeter?

Pillie Thurman: It is a yard stick to measure food.

—o—

G. Smith (at the tourney): Where is my glove? (After getting several people on the hunt): Why, here it is on my hand!

—o—

Wanted—For the Joke Dept. Jokes on tissue paper, so they can be seen through.

—o—

Miss Ash. (to H. Green): Helen, are you on the negative side or positive?

Helen: Oh no, I'm positive.

—o—

Said A 2 B: I C U R inclined 2 B A J.
Said B 2 A: U'R mind, I C, shows signs of slight D K.

—o—

IF

If the janitor wanted the grass cut, would Ruth "Moe" it?

If Lois wore glasses, do you think she could "Sey mour"?

If he was a chicken would Myron "Peck"?

If Mich. City was put off the map, do you think Charles would "Foster" the idea?

If Mary Arden worked in a bakery, would she be a "Crum packer"?

—o—

CLASS STONES

Freshmen—Emerald.
Soph.—Blarney stone.
Junior—Grindstone.
Senior—Tombstone.

—o—

Miss Barth.: How can you tell when a chicken is old?

Eva Keen: You can tell by their face—they've wrinkles.

—o—

Miss Hamblen (in Hist.): What kind of sheep produces the best wool?

Chas. Scott: A Jersey.

—o—

First Girl: They say that Geo. B. is a regular lady killer.

Second Girl: No wonder, he talks them to death.

—o—

Miss Welty (translating Latin): Boy, where is thy horse?

Geo. H. (waking up): It's under my chair. I wasn't using it.

Ed Billings: Look, Isadore, I weight three pounds more than you do.

Isadore: Aw, you're cheating! You've got your hands in your pockets.

—o—

Mr. Pauley (in Gen. S.): "What is a vacuum?"

Freshie (pretending deep thought): "I have it in my head, but I can't express it."

—o—

Miss Benny: "Mark, what always quickens men's minds?"

Mark L.: "Women."

Miss B.: "No, Mark—war."

Mark L.: "Well, I wasn't far off."

—o—

Mr. Pauley (Gen. S.): Ernest, how much water do you use when you take a bath?

Ernest E.: Oh, about two barrels.

—o—

Did you ever notice that Otis Sanford casts no shadow?

—o—

Fresh (just entering High): Say, what's the faculty?

A Senior: Well, sonny, they're just a bunch of men and women hired to help the Seniors run the school.

—o—

Why is Valpo such a learned place?

Because Freshmen bring in a little knowledge with them, and Seniors never take any away; hence it accumulates.

—o—

Miss Ashton: Fools often ask questions that wise men cannot answer.

Earl Mc.: I guess that is why I flunked in French.

—o—

Mr. Pauley: Mary Arden, can you tell how iron is found?

Mary A.: I heard my father say they smelt it.

ANALYSIS

When you procure some H_2S,
And other stuff as bad or less,
And mix a frightful mess,
That's Preparation.

And when you take the tube of stuff,
And pour it through some paper rough,
And half of it goes down your cuff,
That's Filteration.

And when you dump some acid in,
And shake it up, and boil it thin,
And stir it for awhile like sin,
That's Separation.

But when you've worked both hard and long,
Make your report with courage strong,
And Mr. Pauley says, "All wrong",
That's Heck and Thunderation.

—o—

(At the Senior's refreshment stand at the Gym):

Steve: Say, George, there isn't any Hamburger in this sandwich.

Geo. B.: Oh, yes there is; you haven't come to the Hamburger yet.

Steve (after eating on): There isn't any meat yet.

Geo.: Oh! I guess you must have bit over it!

—o—

Bruce Bornholt (after it had been discussed that 100 % of the men chew tobacco): Well 100 % of the women chew.

Miss H.: I should hope so; they would have indigestion if they didn't.

—o—

IN ENGLISH 8

Miss Benney (discussing the word "lovely"): "Lovely" means exciting and full of affection and love.

Teapot: Can you say, "I had a lovely time?"

Miss B.: If you do, I'd never tell.

Geo. B.: Oh well! John's here now.

—o—

In discussing whether books "lay" or "lie" on the table:—

Teapot: Why, books "lay", don't they?

Mildred C.: No; but books often "lie".

—o—

If a hen layed an egg would Joe Crowe (crow)?

—o—

If it was going to storm, would Art "Cloud"?

TRISTIS FABULA

Puer ex oppido
Iens ad school,
Vidit in agro
Infestum mule.

Ille adpropinquat
O magnum sorrow!
Puer, ad caelum
Funus, tomorrow.

Moral:

Qui vidit rem
Siba non known,
Est bene ipsi
Id relinqui alone.

Mr. Pauley: Now, Charles, if you would stop your gabbing and get some of this Physics into your head, you would have it in a nut-shell.

—o—

Pink: Where was Bob last night?

Kate: Out on a date.

Pink: Have a good time?

Kate: Yep.

Pink: Howdeknow?

Kate: Broke his fountain pen.

—o—

Windy: What does your watch say?

Miss Jack: It tells time.

—o—

An alumnus (looking over the average freshmen): They're getting weaker and wiser each year.

—o—

Chem. I.—Mr. Pauley: On page 305.

Bob W.: Did you say 305?

Mr. Pauley: Yes, stand and sing.

—o—

M. McCord: Can you play "After You're Gone"?

Hulda: No, but I can play "While Your Away"!

Miss Barth. (in Domestic S.): Last year at the food show I saw a chicken which was kept in cold storage for twenty years.

Ruth Mongomery: Alive?

—o—

Werner H.: Do cigarettes hurt a fellow's brain?

Kegg: No; a fellow with brains doesn't use them.

—o—

H. Albe (to C. Foster): S-sh! Not a word to a soul! I'm a de-te-ctaive. See those heels? I ran 'em down.

—o—

Geo. B. (to several of his young friends): You ask me why I entertained last night and tonight? Well, you see, last night they were my classmates and tonight you are my friends.

—o—

Miss Mc. (in Civics): Franklin, does a man have to have a certain amount of money to vote?

Franklin R.: Yes.

Miss Mc.: How's that?

Franklin: He has to pay his poll tax.

—o—

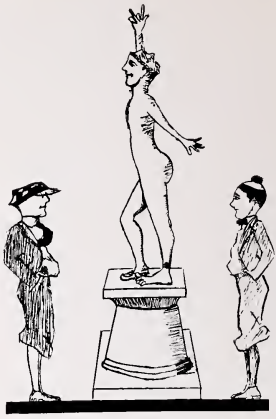
Warren Dee (explaining the lines in Geom.): This line is a straight line; this is a curved line, and this a clothes (closed) line.

—o—

Mr. Pauley (to Athlene): Suppose in this problem you weighed 100 lbs.

Athlene: I weigh 120 lbs.

Mr. Pauley: Oh, we aren't supposed to use such big figures.



Sophomore, looking at the statue: What's that?

Freshie: Oh, that's plaster of Paris.

Soph.: That's funny. I studied Classic Myths, but never heard of him.

—o—

President of Senior Class: We have heard H. P.'s commotion on the motion. Is there any further discussion?

—o—

Owing to the many nights that the editor and assistant have spent together on the Annual, we, the staff, hope it is satisfactory.

—o—

Mr. Pauley (speaking about the manufacture of iron): The molten iron is kneeded just as a woman needs (kneeds) dough.

Tramp, tramp, tramp to help the Nation!
Good cheer from Miami to Nome!
We have CIVICS up in arms
And you can't resist its charms,
For it helps protect your own beloved home!

DEFINITIONS

Webster has nothing on us when it comes to writing a dictionary.

Snore—An unfavorable report from headquarters; a piece of sheet music.

—o—

Annual—(from indefinite article "an", and comprehensive "you all")—Hence an indefinite and incomprehensive combination of everything about everybody.

—o—

Bleachers—Tiers of joy and pain.

—o—

Cantata — Valpo's memorable medley of melodiously modulated melifluousness melancholy mutlerations. Otherwise known as the operetta.

—o—

Caterpillar — An upholstered worm.

—o—

Composition—A mechanical mixture comprising two ounces of dry facts, moistened with mid-nite oil, and sprinkled with a dash of punctuation and ink blots.

—o—

Decomposition — It's condition next day after teacher's criticisms. Old spelling D-composition.

—o—

Dignity—(from English "dig," to work hard, and "nit," not). Hence one who does not work hard is said to have dignity, as a Senior or one of the Faculty.

—o—

Escort—A polite feminine term for protection and street car fare.

Flunk—Beyond power of definition or description. It can't be done.

—o—

Graduation — (from English "gradual", slow, and "attain", to get by effort). Therefore a slow attainment requiring great effort.

Hug—Energy gone to waist.

—o—

Idea—Something that occasionally dawns upon a Senior. Cause unknown.

—o—

Literary—(From Danish "liter", something to fill up unoccupied space; and the Latin "airy"). Hence an airy litter that fills up a student's head. (See Classic Myths.)

—o—

Quituation—Opposite to graduation.

—o—

Shave—A close cut to beauty. Windy needs one.

—o—

Translation — Reading between the lines.

—o—

Vacation—That thin, juicy filling in a thick, stale sandwich.

X—An unknown quantity, used to refer to a mathematic student's mind.

—o—

Yawn—A leaving of the mouth ajar for a few moments for the purpose of ventilating the back teeth.

—o—

IN FRENCH

Miss Ashton: "How do you pronounce the third word, Jesse?"

Jesse Wright: "Grunt twice, then sneeze."

—o—

Miss B. (reading out loud): "How charming is divine philosophy!" Earl, how do you think this should be read?

Earl M.: Something like that.

—*Harold Pomeroy.*

OUR
GIRL'S PAGE.

Souvenirs

OUR
BOYS PAGE.

Souvenirs

Alumni

ALUMNI

"MEMORIES of yesterday are pleasant." So we find our readers always interested in the fortunes of the former graduates of the High School; and each year we devote a portion of the Annual to facts of interest concerning the Alumni. In this Annual we will endeavor to locate only the members of the Class of 1918, and give the important changes occurring in the lives of the Alumni, graduated in previous years.

The following members of the Class of 1918 are attending Valparaiso University: Vera Conover, Helen Herrick, Florence Knapp, Maurine McCord, Jennie Miner, Oliver Loomis, Litha Ballenger, Esther Clapper, Doris Campbell, Irene Thompson, Ruth Kelly, and Geneva Holman. The following are teaching school: Vera Cole, Elizabeth Noble, Gretchen Marquart, Winifred Seymour, Florence Atwell. Thomas Johnson is with the Naval Reserves at New York City. Jesse Pratt is night agent at the Pennsylvania Station. Arthur Gruenert and Robert Keeler are attending Purdue University; Cecil Davidson and Albert Cloud, Bloomington. Charlotte Daskam is teaching dancing. Estella Freeman is in the Telephone Exchange. Marian Osborne and Ruth MaGuire are taking post-graduate studies at the V. H. S. this term. Edward Sierks and Herman Schroeder work in Indiana Harbor; Arthur Stewart and Clifford Groome, in Gary. Edwin Szold is attending Chicago University; Dorothy Thompson, Oberlin College, in Ohio. Mildred Wyman is employed in the office of Pitkin & Brooks; Myrtle Claussen, in Palmer's Salesroom. Margaret Altemiller is keeping books in Peru, Ind.; Ruth Jessee, in Alamosa, Colo. William Sergeant works for Specht & Finney; Luther Bloch, in Bloch's Hotel. John Sievers is in the Rexall Drug Store; Marie Lisle in Brenner's Drug Store. Mark Stoner is in Valparaiso, and Charles Dickover in Detroit, Michigan.

The following marriages among the Alumni have taken place in the last year: Edith Jones (1914) to Edward Greiger, Corinne Blount (1909) to Lieut. Cook Selby, Rebecca Bartholomew (1909) to Lieut. Calvin East, Lily Shinabarger (1917) to Howard Jackson, Bernice Barnes (1913) to Glenn Ryan, Coral Ruth (1916) to John W. Larrew, Louise Sprencil (1913) to Frank Theoroux, Julia Arvin (1916) to Calvin Van Shaack, Owen Kenworthy (1914) to Estella Hoffman, Clarence Gardner (1916) to Myrtle E. Gehrke, Ruby Young (1914) to Philip Dorr, Ray Dean (1912) to Lily Baker, Marie Timmons (1913) to Garland Windle (1914), Hugh Blackney (1916) to Goldie Wright, Frank Clifford (1912) to Monabelle Foster, Geneva Pierce (1902) to Harry Schneider, Belle Kellogg (1884) to T. H. Shannon, Marguerite Lembke (1912) to H. R. Seaburg, Eda Lawrence (1910) to Albert W. Carter, Jewel Hembroff (1915) to T. J. Rummey, Helen McDonald (1915) to Harvey Martin, W. J. Morthland (1916) to Faye Dillingham, Vernon Philley (1899) to Mildred Archer, Mary Watt (1912) to Frank Law, Hazel Keeler (1913) to Lyman Church, Earl Wilson (1913) to Leona Robison, and Louis Stendall (1916) to Leilah Thingrim.

During the past year one member of the Alumni has died, Mrs. Frank Senneff (Bertha Tofte) (1906).

Three of the graduates of 1919 are children of former graduates of Valparaiso High School: Charles Foster, Jr., son of Charles Foster (1893); Ruth Parks, daughter of Bonnie Osborne (1886); Robert Winslow, son of Frank Winslow (1889).

The following are extracts from letters of former graduates giving some of their experiences in the past year:

November 26, 1918.

Dear Clara:

Well, I understand that the censorship has been lifted from the mail, so I am at liberty to write whatever I please. That's fine, isn't it? Well, I am in Newport, England, at present. We arrived here last night and are now tied up at the docks waiting to load a cargo of coal. We just came from a small port in France, called Tonnay Charent; it is just a few miles up the river from Rochefort. We have been carrying coal over there for the U. S. Army. It is unloaded there and sent up to the front on cars. We have been carrying coal from Cardiff, Barry Roads, and Newport.

Well, I'll tell you just what my travels have been since I sailed from New York. We sailed from New York on the Louisville and went directly to Brest. The base where I was stationed was called the U. S. S. Carola. I stayed there about three weeks doing land duty about the base. The place where I was stationed was quite interesting, as it was an old chateau or fort, which was started by Julius Caesar; and the finishing touches were put on it by Napoleon. It has dungeons, underground passage ways, places where prisoners were tortured, cells with famous historical tales attached to them, etc. There also were places where they used to hurl huge rocks at the enemy. I believe they call them catapults.

Then from Brest I was sent with a draft of men to Cardiff, Wales. We left Brest in box cars and traveled across France for three days by a roundabout route to Havre. Here we were taken to an English rest camp to recuperate a little after our hard and tiresome journey. Our rations for this trip consisted of hard tack and corned beef. We stayed at the British rest camp for about three days. It was quite an amusing place for me, too, as there were all types of soldiers there. Some of them were Canadians, Welshmen, Australians, Scotchmen in kilts, Americans, and even Portuguese; a great many had been on the front since the war started in 1914.

We took a ship across the Channel and arrived in Southampton, and from there we went by rail across England to Cardiff, Wales. This time we rode in real passenger coaches and had a real enjoyable trip. After we arrived in Cardiff, we stayed there for about four days and then we took over the Lake Crescent and put her in commission, and we have been sailing across the Channel from England to France ever since.

I remember well the 11th of November. We were just outside the harbor of Penzance, when I sighted a signal from the signal station there. I looked it up in the code book, and found that an armistice had been signed. As we pulled into the harbor all the ships which were lying there were decorated with flags, and we dressed our ship accordingly. Before the armistice was signed, we sailed with the ship darkened, no light of any kind; sometimes we would anchor at certain harbors along the coast of England and France, then steal out at 2 A. M. in the morning, generally before sunrise, just to keep the "subs" guessing. They used to call the type of ship I am on the "Suicide Fleet," because we sailed in such a risky zone. Well, anyway, they never got us, and it is a dead cinch they won't now, because the German subs are a thing of the past with Germany.

My work on the ship is that of a quartermaster. That is, I steer the ship, send and receive signals, and stand lookout duty for lights. The crew consists of about sixty men, so we are just like one big family. The officers are all right, and the chow is fairly good but nothing to brag about. When I get out of this Navy, there are three things I do not want to see on the table, namely: canned corn beef, salmon and boiled potatoes, which is our chief diet; and I am sure sick of it.

THOMAS W. CROSBY.

28 Stoughton Hall, Harvard University,
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Miss Benney:

I have thought of writing to you for a long time, but delayed until I should have something to tell about more interesting than S. A. T. C. (of accursed memory) or the flu, for as you probably know, I was afflicted with both of them at various times (separate times, I mean), and am just now recovering from their combined effects.

I am settled here in old Stoughton, which you perhaps remember as one of the plain, antique looking dormitories at the north end of the yard, the one which is half of a pair of architectural twins, so to speak. It was erected in 1805, largely from the proceeds of a public lottery, authorized by the commonwealth, and was named for Lieut. Gov. Wm. Stoughton, who gave the funds for the original Stoughton Hall in 1700. The room

that I occupy was tenanted over a hundred years ago by Wm. Hickling Prescott, when he was a senior here. Wendell Phillips, some time later, inhabited the room across the hall, and Francis Parkman and Edward Everett lived in each of the two other rooms on this floor. Phillips Brooks lived in the room just over me, and Oliver Wendell Holmes across the hall from that, so you see I am in perfectly respectable surroundings, to say the least. (I shall refrain from observing that Julian Hawthorne once lived downstairs.) With all of which Baderkerian comment I pass on.

This term I have two new courses, both English. The first, which is really a Comp. Lit. Course, is called lyric poetry, and is conducted by Bliss Perry—who is beyond the power of my vocabulary to describe. I can only say that I never hope to have another teacher equal to him. The lectures so far have been devoted to some of the more fundamental aspects of poetry in relation to Aesthetics and the Fine Arts, and so of necessity have been somewhat abstruse. But his personality and magnetism are enough to make the dryest subject interesting; and, considering my weakness for the subject in question, you can see how I must enjoy the course.

Are the Seniors putting out a "Valenian" this year?

FREDERIC ARVIN.

Dear Ruth:

I must tell you a little of my trip to Nice. I had a fourteen-day furlough, and thought I would like to see some of the beautiful scenery of France. On our way down I saw some wonderful country. We followed the Rhone river most of the way to the Mediterranean Sea, and then followed the coast to Nice. We passed the foothills of the Alps, and looking up one could see them covered with snow—it was a wonderful sight. I stayed at a hotel about fifty yards away from the sea. In front of the hotel was a cement walk about twenty-five feet wide and ten miles long, which follows the seashore, and thousands of people who are spending the winter at this beautiful resort put in their time promenading. This is a place for wealthy people to spend their money; I never saw such beautifully dressed women. They carry parasols and dogs, the parasols to keep off the hot sun, and the dogs as a fad. One day while out walking, whom do you think I met? Carrol Schneider; we sure were glad to see each other, and had much to talk about.

There are many American officers here, and an American orchestra plays in the park across from the hotel every afternoon. Another day eleven officers and I went by auto to visit Monte Carlo. On the way, we passed large lemon and orange groves, and an olive grove hundreds of years old. Monte Carlo, you know, is that great gambling place, where people make fortunes and lose them in one night. The building is wonderful; and the grounds surrounding are beautiful, such magnificent palms and flowers. The orchestra that plays here gets three hundred dollars a day. I should have liked to stay forever; but it is only for the "idle rich," and I was soon on my way back to Issoudun, where I found I was to be sent to a camp near Toul, to ferry airships across France and perhaps into Germany.

While at Toul I met Glenn Heard, who has been stationed at this place some time. We expected to have some good times together, but I was soon sent with a large British bombing plane to Romarantium, a distance of three hundred miles.

Our government is turning over all the foreign machines to their own governments. We fly them to this place, where they are boxed up and sent back home.

After going about seventy-five miles, something went wrong; and the machine began to vibrate; but I had to fly about two miles to find a good landing place, as these machines are so heavy that they run a long way on the ground. These bombing planes are a pusher type, which means that the engine and propeller are behind the pilot seat and draw the air in from the front. I had to stay in the little village of Lerecourt, near the place I landed, until the mechanics repaired the damage, after which I proceeded on my journey.

On the 19th of March we expected Gen. Pershing and the King and Queen of Belgium to visit our camp. We were all ready for them, and had two moving picture machines on the field, when we received word that they would not be out, as they would spend their time at the base hospital in Chaumant; we sure were disappointed. The next night I had a reserved seat at a show given in Chaumont for the King and Queen of Belgium. Gen. Pershing and his staff were there. I am having a wonderful experience, but will be glad when I can come home.

RALPH PARKS.

—Florence Griffin.

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OF THIS BOOK

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